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SATURDAY REVIEW

OF
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We beg to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The Government and their party have made the mistake of their lives. They have utterly failed to gauge public feeling, and have taken in a partisan and purely political way a matter which is seriously moving independent opinion interested little enough in ordinary politics. They have asserted emphatically the aspect of the Marconi case favourable to them, and practically given the go-by to that which is unfavourable but equally true and indeed admitted. The public is not now looking at this affair in any party or technical or advocate's way. The ministerialist handling of it will shock public opinion. It is taking a narrow interested view of a serious national matter. As Mr. Balfour suggested, the line the Government have taken is the best possible for the Opposition as a party. But we sincerely regret it.

It is bad for England, in view of the critical and derisive observation of other countries, that our Parliament should refrain from censuring the carelessness, want of delicacy, and want of frankness of which two of our most prominent public men stand convicted. The defence is that they might have been guilty of much worse things, but are not. To emphasise so strongly these two Ministers' innocence of corruption ought to be regarded by them as nearly an insult. The Opposition showed more delicacy in ignoring such a charge altogether. This debate gives the most sinister touch to a story ever growing more serious.

At the beginning of this business we were inclined to think almost nothing of it; so far as we did consider it, our sympathy was with Sir Rufus Isaacs and Mr. Lloyd George. One of the majority of the Committee testified to the "very proper attitude" the

SATURDAY REVIEW had observed; so it is clear we showed no prejudice against the two Ministers. But the course of the affair—the reluctant discovery of the facts—has left on us a very different impression; and, above all, this debate—the position such men as Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey have been obliged to take up—convinces us that the affair has produced a situation of great gravity. We are pretty sure that the country thinks the same. As so often, the majority in the House does not represent public opinion.

Confession and avoidance, as the lawyers say, was of course the only line for the Attorney-General and the Chancellor of the Exchequer to take up. Had they attempted a defence on merits of their American Marconi deal, and of their not disclosing the fact to the House in the debate in October, they must have had a fatal fall, and would probably have brought the Government down with them. The white sheet was more effective than the whitewash, but the sheet was not white enough. There is always, or there always ought to be, a disposition to stand by the man who owns up. But they would have done better if they had owned their mistakes more frankly, more amply; there was too much explanation, too much protesting. Acquitted universally of corruption, and in the House never charged with it, they would have made very much the best of what one would have called merely an unfortunate business, had they confessed their mistake without qualification.

It was bad judgment trying to give a satisfactory explanation of it. After all said, it remains unintelligible and incredible. No one impugns their honour, but their obtuseness, their want of foresight, their folly, only come out the clearer and the larger from their explanation. Sancta simplicitas! It all comes to that. Sir Rufus Isaacs necessarily believed his brother because he was his brother; nothing but fraternal affection could have animated Mr. Godfrey Isaacs. It never occurred either to the Attorney-General or to Mr. Lloyd George that anyone could find anything suspicious in their buying and speculating in American Marconis. It did not strike them that there was any duty on them to tell the

House what they had done when unfounded rumours of corruption in connexion with Marconis were being discussed. Seeing that one of them was at the head of the English Bar and the other at the head of the national finances, is it very strange that such simplicity was not expected of them?

The amazing thing is that Sir Rufus Isaacs did not, from habit as an advocate, put to himself the case even for a charge of corruption, that could be built on the appearances. What a story could he, and would he, have made for a jury had he been counsel for prosecution against himself! "Gentlemen, a contract of enormous magnitude between the British Marconi Company and his Majesty's Government is awaiting ratification. The Attorney-General chooses this moment to buy of a brother of the manager of the contracting Marconi Company a large block of shares in another Marconi Company, controlled by the first, the Attorney-General being the brother of that manager. He gets the shares on preferential terms and immediately sells some of them at a large profit." Is it really strange that there should have been suspicion, or that a wrong construction should be put on such appearances? One would have thought it impossible for Sir Rufus not to foresee what in fact has happened. We can only suppose family affection blinded his judgment.

"Let bygones be bygones" is all very right when mistakes are confessed; it is very nice, no doubt, to make a hero of the honest blunderer. But conduct may be blameworthy, though free from dishonour. The amazing want of judgment of these Ministers of State ought to have been reprobated by the House. Such innocence may do as much mischief to others as guilt. To clear them on the point of honour and there stop is not acting fairly by the country. As Lord Robert Cecil admirably put it, if this sort of conduct is to go unnoticed and become a precedent it is certain that the worst appearance it can take will soon become the actual fact. The country has made up its mind on this matter, and will not be affected by Thursday's division any more than by the Majority Report. It is likely to take sponging out for throwing up the sponge.

Mr. Herbert Samuel was in much happier ease. He did not touch the American shares, though he was willing that the House should be left in ignorance of his colleagues' transactions in them. He had been grossly slandered, and naturally gave a good deal of attention to these attacks; but he would have done more good by explaining satisfactorily, if he could, why he let a circular go out about the Marconi contract, which failed to mention an important factor in the situation. It was a misleading circular. Mr. Samuel did not think the clause—leaving the Government free to adopt another system than the Marconi in certain events—important! That again seems rather simple—too simple for the public who were not let into the secret.

And then, most sinister of all, there is the absent party. Even now we have not got all. Lord Murray is away. Appearances are more against him than against any one in the whole affair. Yet he prefers to remain at the ends of the world, getting contracts, to coming back to tell his story. The truth is known by him and his solicitor. He is away and his solicitor is absent.

For the second time the Welsh Church Bill has been given a second reading by the House of Commons. The Liberal Churchmen, with one honourable exception, Sir Edward Beauchamp, went en masse into the Government Lobby. They did not go in silence, for Mr. Masterman made a sanctimonious speech about the offensive language of the Church defenders. Why did he not regard this imitation as a personal compliment? And Mr. Gladstone, having got a position for himself as a friend of the Church, said he would help it no longer, because it was taking everything and giving nothing! We thought we had heard the full charge

against the Church. But now this is added to it; though it is being robbed of two pounds out of every three that it possesses, "it is taking everything and giving nothing".

On the second day Mr. Asquith was brought in to help along the debate. Lord Murray no doubt would have said "to clean it up", for Mr. McKenna had left much débris. With full and measured diction he pronounced sentence on the ground that the Church had lost the chance that was given it two centuries ago. Might he not more aptly abolish the House of Commons for losing the chance that is being given it to-day? Fortunately the House of Commons is not everything. The great demonstration in the Park to which every part of London is sending its parishioners will make clear how deep is the feeling against the Bill.

Almost as rarely as the "spirit of delight" to Shelley comes to the thinking man absolute, outright conviction about party measures and policies—that is to the thinking man who chooses to see both sides of a question. Conviction to the reasonable man is a kind of luxury. The case of Ulster and the campaign of Sir Edward Carson really offers him this luxury for once in a way. Fools and professional partisans between them bawled down Sir Edward Carson at Norwich this week. But we are perfectly sure that very few people, if any, who are allowed or dare to think at all doubt that Ulster has a tremendously strong case.

It is immaterial to the intelligent man whether he loves or hates the whole tone and religion of Ulster—he really cannot question that the argument for Ulster is harder to dispose of than any other in politics to-day. Sir Edward Carson's position is the simplest thing in the world to understand, and he and his men will do well to carry on their campaign, open meetings and ticket meetings alike, in every part of England and Scotland. It does not matter how strongly they put their case, how much they offend the feeble and fearsome—they are bound to shake many of their political opponents. The Irish Nationalists know this perfectly well. Mr. Redmond's counter-campaign is a hopeful, an excellent sign in itself.

As a rule it has not paid for groups or parties of politicians to "huff away" out of the House of Commons, and refuse to trouble about the proceedings there. It did not pay the seceding Whigs in old times. It has not paid other groups. But here is a marked exception; and we hope the Irish Unionists will insist. The longer Mr. Redmond follows them the better. Every speech he makes reminds reasoning Radicals that if there is any case for Nationalist Ireland wishing to be free of England, there is a case at least as strong for Ulster wishing to be free of Nationalist Ireland. The thing is impossible to get away from. It is recognised, of course, on the Government Front Bench. Mr. Asquith, Sir Edward Grey, recognise it, however strong their feeling for Home Rule.

The German Emperor's Jubilee has been treated, no doubt rightly, as a purely domestic celebration, but it cannot fail to interest the whole of Europe; indeed one might say with truth the civilised world. Everyone recognises in the Kaiser by far the greatest personality among the rulers of the world. Mistakes no doubt he has made, as every human being must, but twenty-five years of continuous exposure to a glare of publicity that even few sovereigns have to face have shown both his head and his heart to be sound. It is amusing to look back and recall the prophecies of aggressive action which accompanied his accession to the throne. With strong temptation to use the greatest force in the world he has kept the world at peace for twenty-five years.

The situation in the Balkans is watched from S. Petersburg with anxiety and from Vienna with malignant satisfaction. Everyone begins to see the dangers that may result from another armed struggle,

but to two members of the Triplice it not unnaturally appears that they may extract no little advantage from the situation whichever side wins in the end. Italy however dreads as the outcome an increase of Austrian influence in the Balkans, and is beginning to give voice to her fears.

The state of affairs in Morocco is by no means satisfactory for Spain, and the war is likely to lead to a larger expenditure of both men and money than she bargained for at first. Her troubles are greatly enhanced by the situation at home, which is again becoming troubled. If there is any serious set-back in Morocco, still more grave disaster, there may arise a very unpleasant crisis at home. Spain has good historical reasons for being in Morocco, but is likely to derive as little material benefit from her occupation as Italy will in Tripoli.

Miss Kenney's defence at Bow Street on Tuesday was curiously muddled. Sometimes it seemed she was trying to plead not guilty to the charge; sometimes it seemed she was pleading guilty but trying to justify. She doubled about in quite a bewildering way. Much was altogether irrelevant; as when she argued that the Irish Unionists were (presumably with herself) equally guilty of conspiracy. Finally she ended upon something not unlike a threat that the conspiracy with which she was charged would go on till its objects were attained.

The Solicitor-General carefully cleared up the issues before the Court. The jury might well be confused after hearing Miss Kenney. The rights and wrongs of votes for women were not in question. Freedom to hold certain opinions, or to express them publicly and forcibly, was not in question. The charge was conspiracy. Conspiracy is a union between two or more persons either to bring about an unlawful end, or to bring about a lawful end by unlawful means. The question for the jury to decide was whether the speeches and conduct of the defendants were sufficient evidence of their having conferred to inflict damage upon private property. Mr. Justice Phillimore's summing up was accurate and fair; but this did not save him from Miss Kenney, who showed to the last a complete misunderstanding of her case. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself", she said, "to receive £6000 a year for hounding us down."

The trouble for the Government, as to this trial, is yet to come. The game of cat and mouse has utterly broken down; and we do not see how, if Miss Kenney and her friends are resolved to play Mrs. Pankhurst's game to the end, Mr. McKenna can avoid making a scarecrow of the law. Mrs. Pankhurst's re-arrest every twenty-four hours hardly needs an incursion of Mr. Bernard Shaw into the "Times" to point its absurdity. Mr. Justice Phillimore plainly hints that he will do nothing to help Mr. McKenna out of his difficulties. If consulted, he will counsel severity and the strict sentence.

It seems that the Ascot outrage is not mere repetition. It is true the man waved a suffragette flag as he stood upon the course; but there is very little in the evidence as to his motives to connect him with the militant women. It is common in the mentally deranged to adopt the latest fashion in self-destruction. It is greatly to be hoped that the fashion set by Emily Davison will not be generally followed, for it wickedly risks valuable lives.

Lord Curzon has rightly protested against the Bishop of Winchester's decision to raise the "question of woman's political position" at the Church Congress. The Bishop's defence really will not do. He cannot restrict this discussion to a delivery of pious opinions. His plea that he is quite ready to prefer for his principal speaker an anti-suffragist looks rather like a sop to Cerberus. But it does not satisfy Lord Curzon. This discussion must necessarily let loose the clerical suffragets, by no means the least offensive members

of the organisation. It seems that one of them has already declared that he cannot "understand how any person can receive the Holy Sacrament and remain an anti-suffragist". This kind of talk will lower the Church Congress beneath its usual-not lofty level.

Portraits and statues of distinguished lawyers are rather rare in our Courts; or rather the precincts. It might not be appropriate to have the pictures of the ministers of justice in the Temple of Justice itself; but where a Judge like Lord Macnaghten departs, his generation ought to transmit to posterity something to impress upon them the obligation they are under to their predecessors. Lord Mersey's gift of Lord Macnaghten's portrait is to be hung in the room where the Judicial Committee sits; and Lord Morley, as the Lord President of the Council, accepted it for the nation.

Lord Morley possibly may only have read Lord Macnaghten's judgments for the occasion. It is more likely, however, that previously, as a critic, he would be interested in what he must have heard of the suprallegal quality of Lord Macnaghten's judicial utterances. He quoted the famous decision in the Scottish Church case as marking Lord Macnaghten at his best. Both as a Scottish member of Parliament and an historical and literary student, Lord Morley very likely read his judgment at the time. It is a specially favourable example for the layman; and Lord Morley expressed felicitously his impressions of Lord Macnaghten's greatness as a philosophic jurist with style. Lawyers cannot often claim a stylist, and they are pleased with Lord Morley's recognition of a lawyer stylist when he sees him, as he said about the elephant.

The movement to save Beverley Brook still languishes wretchedly. Only a few thousand pounds need be added to the sum raised locally; but London is too poor, or too rich, to find the money, and the builder is meanwhile ravening to devour one of the most beautiful spots in Surrey—and not the least beautiful in the South of England. Think of it—only £4000 more is wanted to secure this place for ever to London. Yet whilst far greater sums are spent, at sale after sale, on pictures, some of which may later prove rather dear at £400 apiece, it is nobody's business to save this space for the health and happiness of ultimately millions of people.

If any rich corporations or individuals think we put the worth of the Beverley Brook bit of country too high, let them go and look for themselves. There is nothing equal to it on the heath or common above. It is beautifully wooded and has a surprising store of wild life, and the whole lie of the land there is delightful. To find a landscape greatly excelling it we must indeed drive or walk through Richmond Park and look down from the "Star and Garter" on the great vale of the Thames. The Beverley Brook extension will probably be saved in the end. It is really incredible it can go, with £35,000 already raised locally and only £4000 still wanted. But the delay is humbling and discreditable to a very great and rich city.

Mr. Lloyd George has said this week he will consider a tax on cinematograph films. Let him put the tax into his next Budget—a heavy tax. Either it falls on the speculating boomsters, or it is passed on by the speculating boomsters to the crowds who at threepence a head stupefy themselves in every hole and hutch of the country where a paybox can be put at the door and a film manipulated. Such a tax, supposing it were passed on to the consumer, would help to realise Mr. Asquith's ideal of a fair incidence of taxation. A tax on cheap drugs for the working classes is surely as justifiable as a tax on tea or beer.

The Lord Chamberlain has within the last few days licensed for performance at His Majesty's Theatre a scriptural play by Mr. Louis Parker. He makes no public explanation; so we are left with the bald facts

(1) that plays from Scripture are by tradition not allowed; (2) that plays from Scripture, when they are submitted to the Lord Chamberlain for license by authors who are comparatively unimportant—with no big sums of money involved in their enterprises—are refused; (3) that a play submitted by Sir Herbert Tree is licensed. If the public infers from this that the Lord Chamberlain distinguishes between his friends and his opponents in administering a public institution he has only his own dark policy to thank. Is the old rule still in force? If it is still in force, how precisely does one contrive to get round it? What is the countersign of Sir Herbert Tree?

Gerhardt Hauptmann as poet-laureate has always seemed perverse. He is as fitted to be the laureate of Germany to-day as Shelley, in his time, was fitted to be the laureate of England. We are not surprised to hear that a play of the official poet of Germany has been officially censored. Hauptmann's "Festspiel", "in memory of the spirit of the Wars of Liberation in 1813, 1814, and 1815", celebrates, not war, but freedom. Frederick William III. is not even mentioned. It has rather the effect in Germany that a jubilee ode would have in London wherein our Indian subjects were exhorted to keep steadily before them ideals of self-government. Hauptmann's play has, at the instance of the Crown Prince, been taken from the stage.

To call Johann Sebastian Bach an unknown person even in England, might seem foolish; but to call him a known composer would be ridiculous. His greatest music, his choral music, has never been rendered as he intended. The magnificent performances of the "S. Matthew" Passion in S. Paul's do not truly represent our great Sebastian. Like Handel, he wrote for a small choir and orchestra, and we, with our ears so deadened by dins that we can hear nothing unless choir and orchestra are a thousand strong, have to put up with exaggerated performances of the greatest composer who has yet lived. Dr. Terry means to rectify matters. In the comparatively small Westminster Cathedral Hall, on Tuesday night next, he begins a series of Bach concerts with the glorious cantata "Unto us a child is born" and some orchestral oddments, and later on will come the "Abide with us", "Watch and pray", and a host more of the most magnificent choral compositions in the world.

Such concerts at such prices—remarkably low, the highest-priced seats being three shillings—ought to command the support of every music-lover in London. Whether they will or not remains to be seen. In the meantime we may point out that these music-lovers who prefer to listen to Caruso and Melba show themselves to be no music-lovers at all. Years ago Mr. Dolmetsch and Mr. Runciman tried to start such a series of Bach concerts as these of Dr. Terry. They were called fools for their pains, and not liking the "addition" they gave up their project. Is it not remarkable that the mightiest composer of all time should not be able to "draw" as well as the meanest caterer for the semi-music-hall audiences who crowd to the musical-comedy theatres?

Canon Barnett was a pioneer in university settlement among the poor. His enthusiasm for social reform was fine, much finer than his Churchmanship; though in another sense that was too fine to be perceived. He was an early example of a now common type. A devoted man of immense energy, he might well have become a bishop. His nebulous creed could hardly be pleaded against him in these days.

London is threatened with another Alexandra Day or Rose Day, or whatever silly name best fits it, next week. This nuisance—the pavement blocked with smart great ladies or paid cheap-fineried girls selling silly little paper roses—really must be stopped. It is degrading to the hospitals, which probably get little from it. The sensible will refuse to buy a rose, be it from Aphrodite herself on the kerb.

THE MARCONI DEBATE.

MR. CAVE encumbered himself with too many details, with which his audience and the public are familiar, and of which they are thoroughly tired. Mr. Cave might have remembered that the Marconi case has been discussed to death since last August, and that all the House of Commons wanted were conclusions. Mr. Cave's conclusions were quite sound. The simple rule is that a Minister must do nothing to disable him for the service of the nation. Apply this rule to the Ministers concerned, and the measure of their wrong-doing is at once apparent. The contract between the Government and the Marconi Company is not yet ratified: it may never be ratified: or it may be adopted after modification. In the latter event, the case would certainly come before Mr. Lloyd George and Sir Rufus Isaacs, either as members of the Cabinet or in their respective capacities of Chancellor of the Exchequer and Attorney-General. But these two high officials could neither vote nor advise the Cabinet in the matter owing to personal interest. The Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Attorney-General have therefore deprived the nation of their services in a very important affair, because they have put themselves in a position in which their private interest clashes with their public duty. Well might Mr. Cave say that this is a breach of the best traditions of our public life. Sir Rufus Isaacs assured the House of Commons that he regarded the acceptance of the Marconi Company's tender by the Postmaster-General in February or March as settling the business, and that the embodiment of the tender in a contract, and the ratification by the House of Commons were in his opinion purely formal steps. When therefore he was invited by his brother in April to become a shareholder in the American company it never crossed his mind that the price of American Marconis could in any way depend upon the action of the British Government, or that anybody could think so. Yet he has told us that he hesitated and at first refused, owing to an "instinct", which he wishes he had continued to follow. Let us accept this explanation, and let us believe that Mr. Lloyd George took the same view, the Chancellor of the Exchequer having admitted that he was "careless" and preoccupied about the whole thing. Granted therefore that the original purchase was innocent, if thoughtless. But from the end of April to 11 October is a period of more than five months. In August, before the adjournment of the House, the two Ministers and the Whip were perfectly aware that the Marconi contract was not going through as non-contentious; and they had the whole of August and September and ten days in October, undisturbed by parliamentary or departmental business, in which to think over what they had done, and to decide what they were going to do. On 11 October there was a Marconi debate, in which Messrs. Isaacs and Lloyd George indignantly denied that they had dealt in Marconi shares, denounced as calumniators those who insinuated that they had done so, and said not a word about their purchases of American Marconis. Was not Lord Helmsley perfectly justified in saying that this concealment was "intentional"? We are glad he stuck to the word in the face of the Attorney-General's distinction between the innocent intention not to disclose a fact, and the suppression of a fact "with intent to deceive". That is a lawyer's distinction, of which we have had too many. The Attorney-General and the Chancellor of the Exchequer deliberately, after months of reflexion, omitted to mention an important fact, and this omission did deceive the House of Commons and the public. Whether these two eminent lawyers intended to deceive is a question which we treat exactly as Lord Helmsley treated it—namely with contempt.

Sir Rufus Isaacs and Mr. Lloyd George admitted that they acted, both in the purchase of the shares and the concealment of the fact on 11 October, unwisely, thoughtlessly, injudiciously, carelessly, but innocently—and this admission is the only wise thing they have done in the last fifteen months. We do not quite see why a nation which pays its law officers and Cabinet

Ministers far higher salaries than any other country in the world should put up with a Chancellor of the Exchequer and an Attorney-General who act carelessly, indiscreetly, injudiciously, however innocently, Innocence can be hired at a less figure than £15,000 a year. Why do these Ministers not resign? But let that pass. The Radicals are manœuvring to turn the tables on their opponents by denouncing the calumnies and insinuations of corruption. We are astonished that a lawyer of Mr. Buckmaster's calibre should lend himself to such paltry tactics, which will impose on nobody. Much as we dislike the gross and exasperating personalities of modern politics, this Marconi business would never have been threshed out had it not been for the attacks of certain newspapers and magazines. As we have written before in the SATURDAY REVIEW, Mr. Lloyd George is the last person who has any right to complain of personal invective, which is indeed one of the penalties of place. We fail to see how there could have been any inquiry, if certain organs had not made accusations of corrupt, in the sense of improper, conduct on the part of Ministers. That certain weekly papers and magazines framed their charges with recklessness and an obvious desire to "squeeze a party advantage" out of the mistakes of eminent opponents cannot be denied, and indeed was not denied in any of the amendments submitted to the House. This makes it all the more deplorable that no agreement was arrived at. As Mr. Balfour said, in the best speech in the debate, nobody ever believed in the charges of corruption. Everybody regretted that the transactions had taken place, and everybody regretted the violence and malice of certain sections of the Press. Why should not these sentiments have been embodied in an amendment which the House could unanimously accept? What is the difference between recording your acceptance of a man's expression of regret that he has done something and recording your own expression of regret that he has done it? When you say to a man "I accept your apology", it is surely superfluous to add, "but I regret that you have done the thing for which you have apologised". There may be a difference of opinion as to the adequacy of the apology offered by the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Attorney-General: but it was not politic in the Government to haggle over the terms of an expression of regret. We are glad that Sir Arthur Markham described the majority report "as an insult to the intelligence of the House", as that disposes of Messrs. Falconer, Booth and Redmond. Mr. Balfour struck exactly the right note, which was somehow missed by Mr. Lyttelton and Mr. Bonar Law. Mr. Balfour's was the speech of an honourable man of the world, remembering the saying about judging one's neighbour. As Mr. Balfour said, the Attorney-General never inquired and was therefore guilty of culpable negligence. The Chancellor of the Exchequer acted with the gravest impropriety in having a flutter, and his portrait of himself as an over-worked official, too busy to attend to his own private affairs, was suddenly made ludicrous by Mr. Balfour's "inset" of the Chancellor talking over the telephone to his broker as to the expediency of taking a profit or cutting a loss. Good will have resulted from the Marconi scandal if it only restrains people in public and private stations from the modern mania of dabbling on the Stock Exchange.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S WORK.

IT is a pity that there is no cinematograph of ideas, a machine which would reproduce states of feeling as the camera reproduces scenes. If such a machine existed we should turn on Berlin in the spring of 1888, for the real meaning of this week's Jubilee celebration would be shown by the contrast. March 1888 confronted Germany with a great question. What was to become of the Empire? German unity would survive, of course, but what of Bismarck's Empire? Its author lived on, but he was old and his work was

almost done. It was not from him that the new ideas could come; and when the old Emperor lay dead it was realised how much that unassuming man had really stood for. He embodied the whole tremendous cycle which began at Jena and ended at Sedan. He had lived through it all. Amid those portentous changes he had remained the same simple figure, giving unity to the whole. But who was to give unity to the epoch to come? One man had been marked out, had indeed marked himself out, as the instrument to bring old feudal Prussia into line with modern Democracy without destroying either. But at the very hour when his work should have begun he was stricken to death and Germany stood in perplexity. Tenniel summed it all up in his great cartoon of the bowed eagle, and that old volume of "Punch" is the nearest thing we have to the cinematograph of ideas.

All those doubts have been dispelled now. After twenty-five years Germany faces the world with an almost arrogant confidence, and the Jubilee is a demonstration of her strength. It is also the payment of a debt. William II. could not alone have made Germany what she is, but neither could her great men have done their work without William II. For Germany in 1888 was still, in a sense, merely a geographical expression. It was not clear whether the Empire's full and varied life could be fitted into Bismarck's framework. To-day the Empire is big enough to cover all German activities. That is the result of William II.'s reign. He has answered the question of the future of what the Germans call *Kaisertum*—of the Empire, that is, as a political institution. He found a word; he has given it life and colour and turned it into an inspiration. He found the Imperial title an appanage of the Prussian monarchy; he has made the Prussian monarchy an aspect of the Imperial title. He has read the words "King of Prussia, German Emperor" with absolutely even emphasis and has made each title interpret the other. Therein is the key to his conception of his office. It has always been useless to remind him that his grandfather was made Emperor by acclamation confirmed by a legal document. In his view his grandfather became Emperor by fulfilling the mission of the kings of Prussia, and kings of Prussia rule by Divine Right. We all know how he has shocked and startled Germany by his emphasis of this point. But he would have abdicated sooner than concede it. The notion that he was the occupant of an office called into being by the paraphernalia of conferences and compromises and legal enactments was abhorrent from him. From the first he saw himself embodying the spirit of Germany and he was determined to make Germany see him in the same light. Naturally enough he fell back on the traditional ideas of the Hohenzollerns, for his work was but a continuation of theirs. A Prussian king, as one of the greatest of them said, is the first servant of his State; William II. has been the first servant of Germany. But by Germany he has never meant the majority of the German electorate. Germany, when he came to the throne, was still a possibility. What he served was the ideal of a comprehensive German unity, and he has made that ideal fact. His greatest achievement has been the creation of the German Navy. When he came to the throne the realities of the Empire were few. They were the Emperor, the Imperial Chancellor, the Supreme Court and Alsace-Lorraine. Of these, only the Court could in any way embody the Prussian ideal of service. But the Emperor had his idea, and after ten years' work carried it through. He has given to the Empire a great Imperial institution, as suited to its needs as were the armies that fought in 1870 to the needs of the then unfederated States. However highly we may rate the importance of the Navy as a factor in world politics, its importance as a psychological influence in Germany is even higher. It has given a precise connotation to the words German Empire. It has linked up the Empire with the record of modern Germany's expansionist enterprise. If, as the survivors of the Manchester School sometimes tell us, modern Germany is really Krupp and Ballin and Thyssen and Rathenau and their like, it is pertinent to

ask how far these names would have been known outside Germany but for the Emperor's Navy. Would the "Imperator" now be sailing the seas if there were nothing but coast defence ships to protect her?

The German text-books all draw parallels and make distinctions between the German Empire and that of Rome. We may bear the precedent in mind when we ask how much of the Emperor's work will die with him and how much must always inhere in his office. The student of Roman history feels that through the lives of Augustus and Tiberius the principate was still fluid. It could become whatever its two first holders chose to make it. Then came the crisis of Caligula's reign, and from that time onwards the principate emerges as a necessary political institution, a specific office with definite duties. William II. is the German parallel to the first two Roman Emperors. He has made Kaisertum a necessity. No doubt it will bear the mark of his character to the end of German history. We have learnt only this week how, in the first hours of his reign, he understood that the German Emperor was more than the King of Prussia. It was not open to him, and he resolved that it should never be open to his successors, to revoke Frederick William IV.'s constitution, because the King by Divine Right had now become an Emperor who had made a pact with his people. The new title limited the old, and all through his reign the Emperor has insisted on the democratic element in his office. His attitude in the crisis of the "Telegraph" interview was altogether the same as that which he took up towards his kinsman's political testament. It is an attitude which all future Emperors must inevitably adopt. To what length they will carry it only time can show. But in the view of the present Emperor the sphere of Imperial duty is co-extensive with that of the Empire's life. There should, he holds, be no German activity in which the Emperor does not give the lead. As a German professor once put it to us, "He is the Rector Magnificentissimus of all our Faculties". It may be presumed that men of mere limited talents will restrict their scope, though as Kaisertum is bound up with the personality of the present Kaiser, it would be futile to speculate on its character when he is gone. But this much may be said now: The old Bismarckian conception of the Emperor as an active figure only in time of war is dead. The modern German looks upon his Emperor as supervising all the acts of his life in peace. That has been William II.'s work. He has made himself and his successors Emperors in all Germany and not only on battlefields.

Recognition of this fact has come from the Social Democracy. They have paid the Jubilee the tribute of conspicuous abstention. That is their traditional attitude, but it is maintained in changed circumstances. The Social Democrat of twenty-five years back would have objected that the Empire forbade his political activity. Socialism is legal enough in Germany now, thanks to the firm line taken by the Emperor at the beginning of his reign, and the Socialists are now the strongest body in the Reichstag. They have used their power to prove that the old charge of anti-patriotism is baseless. During the Army Bill discussions they have formed part of the Government majority. The Bill is through and they have passed it, though they naturally hold themselves free to return to opposition in the matter of finance. But whatever embarrassment they may yet give the Government, they have shown that the Empire, as William II. has made it, is big enough to contain them. They have accepted the institution though they hold aloof from its ceremonies. Their quarrel however is largely personal. The hope of reconciliation with the Socialists perished in 1890, and will not be revived in the present reign. But the chance may come hereafter, and if it comes, it will be William II. that has made it possible.

SMUGGLING THROUGH WELSH DISESTABLISHMENT.

THE latest debate on the Welsh Disestablishment Bill served one useful purpose; it dug out of Hansard a saying of the Prime Minister that is likely to be heard of again in the course of the controversy. The words are worth quoting, they were used two years ago in the speech with which he introduced the Parliament Bill: "The delay of three sessions or of two years when the suspensory Veto of the House of Lords is interposed precludes the possibility—and I say this with the utmost assurance—of covertly or arbitrarily smuggling into law measures which are condemned by public opinion, and it will at the same time ensure an ample opportunity for the reconsideration and revision of hasty and slovenly legislation. And this is as certain as daylight, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the new House of Commons both could and would reverse legislation which had been shown by the General Election to be opposed to the will of the masses of the electors". It will be seen that the Prime Minister promised three things—a full opportunity for improving Bills that need amendment, an unassailable defence against Bills that are unpopular, and in the last resort the reversal by the next Parliament of Bills against which the electors have decided. Let us see how the promises are being fulfilled. As to the first, the ample opportunity for revision and reconsideration, what more cynical breach could there be than what is now happening in the House of Commons? Not one man in a hundred who has looked into the details of the Welsh Church Bill will deny that there is need of wide amendment. Ecclesiastical lawyers declare that several of the clauses—the churchyards and the marriage clauses for instance—are unworkable; the simplest layman can see that some of them contradict one another. Yet in spite of Mr. Asquith's assurance, in spite of the obvious need for amendment if the purpose of the Bill is to be carried out, not a single word may be changed by the House of Commons. But it is the two other promises that deserve the closest attention. No Bill, the Prime Minister told the House of Commons, "can be smuggled into law which is condemned by public opinion". Yet what is taking place? The second Bill which has been put—in the expressive words of the Chairman of the Welsh Radical members—into "the grip of the legislative machine" is a Bill which, judged by every available test, excites the repugnance of a great majority of the people. At a time when ordinary politics have excited remarkably little interest, in country villages, in city slums, in middle-class suburbs there have been held meetings of protest such as have never been seen before in the memory of living politicians. Is the Welsh Bill popular when Nonconformist East Anglia fills hall after hall in opposition to it, when through the mining towns of Cornwall the Bishop of S. David's has a triumphal progress, when Swansea—where Sir Alfred Mond comes from—will be packed next week with protesters, and Cardiff a month ago could not produce one in a hundred of the supporters that the Disestablishers expected? London is not easily stirred by public questions; its interests are so various; its business and amusements so incessant. Yet this afternoon, a Saturday afternoon in June, scarcely a parish will fail to send its detachment to the great meeting in the Park. What further evidence does Mr. Asquith need of the country's condemnation? He has been smothered with petitions; his majority has fallen at election after election in the country, and more important to him than the country it has fallen to thirty and forty and fifty in the House of Commons. No doubt he will comfort himself with the figure of Tuesday's division. Tuesday's division in point of fact shows nothing more than that a score or so of invertebrate Liberal Churchmen, after advertising themselves and their good intentions, have thrown over the Church, as everyone expected that they would. Probably many people did not take the trouble to see what

the figure of the division was. The interest has long ago shifted from the Debates and the Division lobbies; perhaps it never was in them. They are only useful for pointing the contrast between the decisions of the House of Commons and the desires of the country.

So much for Mr. Asquith's promise that the Parliament Act would be a safeguard against unpopular Bills. With his first two promises he can do what he likes. As long as he has a subservient majority, bound together by the knowledge that if they do not hang together they will hang separately, he can break them with impunity. Fortunately over the third he has not sole control. His followers are therefore anxious to forget it. When Mr. Bonar Law said that if he was given a majority he would repeal the Bill, the Ministerialists seemed to think that by means of an interruption he was outlining a policy of revolution. He was simply stating what the Prime Minister had himself stated, and what most men of common sense will approve. If the Bill passes the House of Commons three times, there will still be six months before it can come into operation. How could a constitutional minister allow it to remain on the Statute-book if in the meanwhile the electorate had declared against it? When in a difficulty the Government have an invariable answer, that is when it does not apply to the curates and compensation—"There is the Irish precedent". The Conservatives did not repeal the Irish Disestablishment Act. The answer is obvious. There is no precedent. In 1868 there was a Constitution. The country had in an election which was almost a referendum declared for Irish Disestablishment; the two Chambers, neither under coercion, had passed the Bill; the Queen had given the Royal Assent. To-day there is no Constitution, the Second Chamber is a sham, and the people are to be given no chance of saying whether they approve or disapprove the Cabinet's decrees. Obviously the old conventions have gone with the old Constitution. Both parties kept the same rules when they were playing the same game. Politics are ceasing to be a game, and it is not likely that the Unionist party will go on behaving as if they were a game when their opponents have started firing ball cartridge. The Radical journalists have been holding up their hands in smug horror at what Lord Halifax has been saying about the Royal Veto. Nobody wants to see the King brought into the turmoil of party politics, though after what happened two years ago it is not for the Radical party to say so. But the facts must be faced. Is the King to be expected to give his assent to a Bill which is manifestly unpopular, which is as much a breach of his Prime Minister's promises as it is of his own Coronation Oath, at a moment when the veto of the Second Chamber is in abeyance and the veto of the people avoided? Which is the action of a constitutional monarch—assent to a log-rolling Cabinet or assent to the will of his people? This is a grave question which may need an answer. In coming to it, it is well to remember that the Royal Veto is not dormant in many parts of the Empire, and that its exercise is apparently contemplated in Ireland by the framers of the Home Rule Bill. Short of the absolute veto there exists in certain constitutions a proviso for withholding the assent for a time. Surely a suspensory veto of this kind is a vital need under Single-Chamber government, and for electors who otherwise have no means of making their voices heard.

The main fact, however, for Churchmen to grasp is that this Bill must never come into operation. Whether by the defeat of the Government, the withdrawal of the Bill, the suspension of the Royal Assent, or the repeal of the Act, the country must be rescued from a grievous injury to its Christian life. During the last two years the efforts of Churchmen have gone far towards averting this calamity. In this year they have to make the calamity impossible.

THE DUTY OF COUNSEL.

IT is generally impossible to get into the heads of laymen the principles which govern advocacy in the courts of law. The "Times" article on "The Etiquette of the Bar" is an appeal to the vulgar misunderstandings of the "ordinary man" which ends, as might be expected, in a very uncertain deliverance as to what should be altered in the practice of advocacy at the English Bar. Apparently, arguing from the ordinary man's stock of ideas, it deduces the consequence that no Conservative counsel ought to appear in any case with political associations for a Liberal and vice versa; and that Sir Edward Carson and Mr. F. E. Smith were wrong to accept briefs in the Chesterton case. The fons et origo of this injurious and absurd doctrine is, as Mr. F. E. Smith shows in his letter in Tuesday's "Times," the dictum that "There are not two Sir Edward Carsons"; and this is another form of "A counsel should not defend what he knows to be wrong" which is founded on the vulgar misconception of forensic advocacy. It seems fairly simple that an advocate can only be called an advocate if his office engages him to say for everybody the best that can be said for him before the courts. Otherwise he would be a witness to the court as to the merits of a case; or he would be acting as judge rather than the judge on the bench. This must happen unless the advocate is indifferent to the ultimate right or wrong of his client and says all he can on his behalf, leaving it to the judge to settle the question between the opposed advocates. Nobody is entitled to say until the judge has decided on what has been said that anybody knew who was guilty or innocent. So it is only an example of mental muddle to say "An advocate has no right to defend a man he knows or believes to be wrong". As a practical matter it may be pointed out that if advocates professed to act on this principle the client who could pay the biggest fees would get the biggest men to guarantee their being right, and this would prejudice the poorer suitors in the courts. This kind of advocacy would give us one law for the rich and another for the poor in a sense which does not hold as English advocacy is practised now.

As everybody is entitled to have his case put in the courts by an abler man than himself, so the societies to which counsel belong direct that their members shall not pick and choose, nor distinguish between one client and another, but first come shall be first served. All parties act on the good English doctrine that no one is to be presumed wrong or guilty until he has been proved so in court. There are, of course, certain exceptions; for instance, if a counsel were offered a brief to prosecute his father or mother there would be a clear case of "special circumstances" which would justify him in the opinion of his professional governors, the Benchers, for refusing the brief. Probably for the first time in the history of the English Bar the question has arisen, in the Chesterton case, whether the counsel ought to have refused briefs from the plaintiffs because they were in Parliament and well known to be on opposite sides in politics. The conscientious Unionist, sensitive about political consistency, may confuse himself with the moralism "It is not right for an advocate to defend the side he knows to be wrong". But he would have thought it quite right for Sir Edward Carson and Mr. F. E. Smith to appear for Mr. Chesterton. This seems to him quite moral, and besides it gives him the comfortable feeling that the "Whig Dogs" are not to have the best of the argument. He does not ask that counsel shall not appear in political cases if they are in Parliament. This would exclude most of the distinguished lawyers on both sides now in Parliament who, so far as one can judge by the cases in which they have appeared, have given their best abilities to whoever briefed them quite indifferent to their politics. But our conscientious layman would put an end to this latitudinarianism and whenever cases in the courts raised any political issue briefs should be held according to

politics. The benches of counsel in the courts would be like the Government and Opposition benches in the House of Commons, or at the Marconi Committee. Possibly the judge might imitate the impartiality of the Speaker, but his temptation to bias would be much stronger, as the Speaker has not, happily, to sum up. As for the jury, when they saw politics unashamedly dictating the choice of counsel they would at once grasp the situation and fall in with it, and political influences in the courts would become a reality instead of being, as now, almost negligible. The need for keeping the courts free from this sort of thing is far more urgent than that a political party shall have its lawyers at liberty in the House of Commons. This really is not a matter of great importance. There are always plenty of lawyer-politicians for any need. There was Mr. Cave this time. It is clear from Mr. F. E. Smith's letter that this was one of the points they considered in deciding whether it was desirable for them to plead their politics as a special circumstance entitling them to refuse the briefs. They rightly calculated their relative importance as advocates and as politicians when they decided to maintain the right and acknowledge the duty of the Bar to act for all requiring their help in the courts. Any loss on the political side is temporary, but the injury to the administration of justice by a rule limiting freedom of advocacy on political grounds would be permanent. The freedom of the Bar cannot be controlled either by the Government or an Opposition without the public liberty suffering. Broadly speaking, it is to this tradition of the Bar of every country, from the Roman and Greek, where there has been political freedom, that Sir Edward Carson and Mr. F. E. Smith have been true. An authority like Sir Harry Poland doubts whether Mr. Justice Neville's comparison of the barrister with the cabman on the rank may not be too strict. If so, it is the more creditable that members of the English Bar have acted on the broad tradition at a time when they would have won popularity with their party by inventing excuses to evade their duty.

THE CITY.

THE Stock markets are now in a state of somewhat feverish convalescence. Business consists of buying, on the one hand, by investors who recognise that good-class securities now stand at very attractive prices, and, on the other hand, of selling by dealers who have bought salvage stock during the last fortnight and by the more unfortunate operators who have been obliged to turn stocks into cash in order to meet speculative losses.

Present conditions are likely to continue for some weeks. Although the failures connected with the last settlement were not of a very serious character, the total amount of stock which has yet to find a permanent resting-place is pretty considerable. Apart from the actual failures announced, several firms received assistance in tiding over their difficulties, and many members of the Stock Exchange are still under the necessity of taking early opportunities of lightening their positions. Some weeks will probably elapse before the public demand absorbs this supply of floating material.

In the meantime the end of the half-year will involve a certain amount of temporary financial strain at most of the monetary centres, but the banks have made their preparations, and if no untoward occurrence intervenes, next month should see an expansion of investment orders.

Clearly conditions are still unfavourable to speculation, except by operators who are on the spot and are able to jump in and out at each turn of the market; but investors who take advantage of the reaction when liquidation causes a downward swing of the pendulum will ultimately have no regrets. The best plan is to give orders to a broker to buy certain stocks at certain prices. Most brokers have a string of small orders

to execute at prices below those now ruling, and it is this class of business which operates as a preventative of a slump in any popular security. Many of the orders are at prices never likely to be reached, but the serious investor will guard against the folly of entirely missing his opportunity of getting cheap stock through trying to get in at the bottom.

Those who expected a rapid and sustained upward movement this week have of course been disappointed, but the markets are undoubtedly regaining confidence, and the relative strength of leading stocks has been the more significant in view of the fact that the mid-monthly Paris settlement was causing some uneasiness.

Monetary considerations have weighed rather heavily on Consols, but some Colonial and Foreign Government securities have increased in value. The more hopeful outlook in regard to the shipbuilding labour position, in addition to general influences, directed attention to Home Rails. Traffic receipts are still satisfactory, and as a rule the half-yearly dividend announcements will be satisfactory. The dividend policy of the railway boards is not likely to be altered by the fact that no half-yearly accounts will be issued.

Canadian Pacific naturally derived no benefit from a traffic increase of only \$38,000 for the second week of June. With expenses higher this may easily be converted into a net decrease. Grand Trunks had an increase of £19,274 gross for the same period; but this exerted no influence on prices.

The absence of confidence is becoming daily more pronounced in Wall Street. With several factors making for uncertainty—the Tariff Bill, the Harriman Pacific problem, and currency reform—the bears have no difficulty in creating scares, and it is doubtful yet whether the worst has been seen.

As regards Mining markets, Kaffirs were better left untouched until the labour trouble is definitely settled. At present it seems to be spreading. If Paris should take fright about its South African holdings a large amount of stock would come on the market.

Disappointment in regard to the Malacca report and the further fall in the price of the raw material has depressed rubber shares, and in addition there has been some forced selling in order to provide for losses elsewhere, but the decline brought in support from those who follow the market closely and are aware of intrinsic values.

As regards Oils, the Shell meeting was satisfactory, and no doubt the shares will improve when speculative business revives. The Spies dividend increase was hardly expected, as the company is not enjoying the best luck at present.

The reports of some of the subsidiary Marconi companies to hand show that the directors spare no effort in their endeavours to pay dividends. Whether it is good finance is another matter.

"THE SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY."

By JOHN PALMER.

WHY cannot our English authors leave women like Mrs. Tanqueray alone? People talk to-day of Sir Arthur Pinero's failure with Paula where twenty years ago they talked of his success. The plain truth is that no dramatist born, or bred, in England can deal successfully with the demi-monde. The particular way in which the English author fails depends upon the particular fallacy about Paula Tanqueray which happens to be fashionable at the time of writing. Sir Arthur's portrait was celebrated twenty years ago as a speaking likeness, whereas to-day it is recognised as an outrageous caricature. In sober truth Paula Tanqueray is as near her model to-day as ever she will get in England. We are not yet any nearer; nor ever shall be. It is no private and particular blemish upon Sir Arthur Pinero that he cannot tell the truth about Mrs. Tanqueray. That he cannot tell the truth about her is a common heritage of English playwrights. Nor is it very seriously to his discredit that the particular falsehood which he tells at the S. James' Theatre happens

at this moment to be obvious to the expert in literary modes. The play was written twenty years ago, a fact for which Sir Arthur Pinero cannot fairly be held responsible.

That English authors are incapable of showing Mrs. Tanqueray her own image is possibly to their personal honour. This does not lessen the disgrace of their failure as men of art. No one is compelled by statute to write about Mrs. Tanqueray; and no Englishman is by nature capable of writing spontaneously about Mrs. Tanqueray. It follows that the English author who deliberately chooses Mrs. Tanqueray for a theme deliberately chooses to fail. No amount of commendable innocence as to his theme can save him the uttermost farthing of damnation as a dramatist. Why he chooses to be damned is his private affair. Perhaps he is after royalties; and is ready to pile them up with strange tales of Alsatia. Perhaps he is a political economist anxious to prove something about the hours and wages of labour. Perhaps he is an incorrigibly romantic sentimentalist for whom it scarcely matters whether he feeds the sensibilities of his kind heart upon delusions about Mrs. Tanqueray or delusions about the Prime Minister or delusions about Simon de Montfort. Perhaps he is the born literary person who kindles easily into sympathetic commonplaces—true or false—about life and people, finding in every wind that blows glorious opportunities of contributing to the sum of human knowledge. Whatever his motives may be—whether he begins by deceiving himself and ends by deceiving nobody, or begins in brazen falsehood and ends in deceiving everybody—the main artistic result of his enterprise may be set down in the words of Pegeen's description of Christy's wonderful tale—"lies and blather". English authors writing of a cocotte immediately fall into a strained condition of false emotional excitement. They cannot take her naturally, as they take a greengrocer, or a member of Parliament. They are horrified. Or they glorify her at the expense of the immaculate. They assume an utter degradation. Or they drivel about the perfidy of men; the cruelty of women; and the pity of sweet innocence betrayed. They show us a fallen angel looking wistfully into a paradise of afternoon calls and marriage licences. They assert she is a better woman than any woman ever could be; or they assume an homogeneous depravity of character. Whatever shape their delusion may assume, it is necessarily a delusion, in that they are writing under the influence of an unnatural excitement. Our English author approaches the subject in a state of nerves. He becomes quite literally unhinged where Paula Tanqueray is concerned. If Paula Tanqueray, despite her means of livelihood, shows that she still shares a touch or so of the nature which makes the whole world kin, our English authors, instead of portraying this touch of nature fairly and sensibly, as they would portray it in a lady mayoress, must needs exclaim upon it, underline it, shed floods of tears, and give her for her pains a world of sighs. The commonplaces of character, when they touch the Paula Tanquerays of our stage, become exalted into paradoxes. It is generally recognised, regarding quite ordinary people, that a man or woman may have one of the hundred weaknesses that flesh is heir to without necessarily having the other ninety-nine—that an unscrupulous company promoter may be a good husband, or, conversely, that a bad husband may be a very honest man in the City. Nevertheless the Paula Tanquerays of our stage of whom this commonplace is found to be equally true are exhibited for our pitiful wonderment. No English author since the comedy of the seventeenth century (when the cocotte was for the first and last time in English understood and planted for inspection in a dry light) has yet succeeded in taking Paula Tanqueray as he actually found her; or observing her through colourless spectacles. Mr. Bernard Shaw, who destroyed Paula Tanqueray in 1893, refashioned her a few years afterwards in terms of political economy. This, for the present, is her fashionable reincarnation;

and the only good thing it achieves is to expose for our ridicule the more grotesque features of Sir Arthur's previous experiment.

The Englishman's inability to observe Mrs. Tanqueray without losing his head was wonderfully illustrated in the production of "*Comtesse Mizzi*" a little while ago at a meeting of the Stage Society. Arthur Schnitzler gave the Stage Society a taste of the real thing. Schnitzler is no more perturbed at the prospect of meeting Mrs. Tanqueray than at the prospect of meeting his barber. He has no illusions about her. He has no theories whereby to explain her. He no more feels it necessary to explain Mrs. Tanqueray than an English housekeeper feels it necessary to explain the milkman. He does not, in the mere act of approaching his subject, become mentally flustered, or fall into a state of exquisite sensibility. The *Comtesse Mizzi* is Mrs. Tanqueray seen as her mirror sees her. She is neither wept over, preached over, cursed over, nor exulted over. Naturally, her English spectators were amazed, as at the sight of a strange beast. They had never seen anything like her before in an English theatre; and they said—or would have said if the situation had not bereft them of speech—how *Austrian* she is! Austrian she undoubtedly was to this extent—that she was the first of her cosmopolitan class to survive the climate of an English stage.

"The Second Mrs. Tanqueray"—to come from the general to the particular—was written twenty years ago; and it chimed with the beginning of a movement in dramatic technique towards the method of naturalism which is not yet exhausted. It is therefore only reasonable to suppose that the play is as serviceable for the purposes of Sir George Alexander now as it was then. It came in on the flow of the naturalistic tide, and it will go out only on the ebb. In only one respect is it technically *déclassé*; and in that respect it is neither more nor less behind the times than any other play by Sir Arthur Pinero. Sir Arthur valiantly refuses to come to any sort of understanding with English letters. He began writing plays before Wilde and Harkin had taught English playwrights the rudiments of English speech; and he creditably refuses to be bullied into new-fangled ways. "I did not write English in 1893", Sir Arthur says in effect, "and I am hanged if I'll write English in 1913." "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" is in respect of language quite as old-fashioned as "*Sweet Lavender*", but not a whit more old-fashioned than "*The 'Mind the Paint' Girl*". In any other author the stilted conversation and awful metaphors of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" would mercilessly date the play. But they do not date the play. They date Sir Arthur Pinero.

Meantime this revival has given me an opportunity of earnestly inviting English authors to abstain from Mrs. Tanqueray in the future. It is neither their fault nor their misfortune that they cannot paint her to the life. It is an incident of their national character which they would do well gracefully to accept. Let them not unduly take the matter to heart. The world is not so small a place as the English playmakers would have us believe. There are other provinces to conquer, wherein the inability to see Mrs. Tanqueray as nature made her is not necessarily a disadvantage. English authors need not weep like Alexander because this wretched little world is beyond their strategy.

GULLS AND GUINEAS.

By C. H. COLLINS BAKER.

IF only the dealers themselves paid fully for their excesses and stupidity (for it really is stupid), we might laugh and sing. If they were left with the poor things bought at sensational prices on their hands we should have a swifter instrument with which to cut at the folly and muddle and vice of picture dealing. As it is, we have to wait for the enlightenment of those patrons for whom the dealers buy. And as a rule they die in darkness, leaving their heirs to stumble on the

light. Of course we can say that patrons of this order are fair game; that if they like to pay vulgar and incredibly inflated prices for comparative rubbish, well they deserve all they get. But the evils of this system spread much further than these foolish patrons; for one thing they generally pass over the fathers and hit the children, for another they perpetuate a vicious condition in which Art becomes a vulgar fraud, and again they indirectly affect the welfare of living artists.

The circle described by the system I am thinking of seems unbreakable. The dealers would not pay absurd prices for things they could not profitably unload. Therefore they must have a background of manageable clients. But these obliging people would not buy sensationally unless the dealers had created an atmosphere; therefore the dealers, aided (I do not say venally) by the auction-room reporters, incubate and foster the needed conditions. This recent sale of a Romney for £41,370 is a typical illustration of the describing of this circle. Fully a month before the sale the papers began to stimulate curiosity in the picture by prophesying its sensational sale. Romney in any case is a third-rate painter; there could be no question of intrinsic value. Obviously then this sensational sale was carefully stage-managed; "rigged", I believe, is another term for this kind of business. The dealers knew a month before the picture was put up that it would pay for booming. So it "transpired" (that is, "escaped from secrecy to notice") that a terrific sensation was to be expected.

It has come as prophesied, and every British Art sale record, as one racy auction journalist buoyantly proclaims, "has gone by the board". With the exception of Hoppner, Romney is the feeblest painter of his class; every dealer who knows anything knows that. But yet by what looks like a well-run conspiracy it has happened that a picture by him beats all records. Thus in vulgar cash terms Romney becomes superior to Raeburn, Reynolds, Gainsborough and Turner, and very nearly the peer of Rembrandt, whose "Bathsheba" (not much of a Rembrandt, as we say) fetched £44,000 the other day. Sentimental, pretty, weak and trivial Romney becomes the fashion and desire of ill-educated patrons. The quality of Art, indeed its whole significance, and all the vital questions that depend on taste and discrimination cease to exist because the dealers for trade purposes must "rig" a boom. Really for such a system to work an almost inconceivably stupid level of intelligence is postulated. Imagine for one moment a shrewd plutocrat investing £40,000 in a concern of which he knew nothing at all himself (being unable to judge), but which had been very patently nursed and exploited in the Press and carefully arranged by middlemen. Would it not occur to him to ascertain something about the intrinsic value, the actual substantial nature of his investment? Would not its earning power and prospects, other than those represented to him by interested parties, be scrutinised and reported on by independent experts? Very few dealers have any knowledge of the true value of a picture; their doubtful original taste is generally deep buried under irrelevant considerations of commercial value. Art for them is chiefly a specialised business of catering; I have even heard their methods of trafficking likened to procuring. What will sell, not what is fine, is their concern, and it is always interesting to see how even in good pictures they are personally interested by the obvious or insignificant. Yet these professional philistines are blindly followed as arbiters of taste; their clients boast impressively that they paid such-and-such to, or bought the other on the "tip" of Messrs. Bondstreet. As for the true intrinsic merits of Romney, well there are many disinterested judges who without hesitation could report that he is bound ultimately to depreciate. He is a third-rate artist; to buy third-rate securities at gilt-edged prices can have but one result in the long run. The perfect and cynical frankness with which this picture-dealing game is run interestingly shows how safe in this special industry it is to count on the ignorance of buyers. Romney we may say has

been kept about until the ripe moment. Nobody supposes his pictures are in fact better than they were; but collective market circumstances necessitate this kind of absurdity. Like a machine that has been set in action, these huge transactions whirl with accumulating speed. The wild career may succeed for a time, indeed it does; but (and here the stupidity of the plan comes in) in the end disaster will come. Hence a fitting device for Bond Street would be gulls and guineas in every quarter, or, with the motto "After us the deluge".

Leaving Bond Street for Savile Row and the Burlington Fine Arts Club, we have a remarkably interesting show of French dix-huitième masters. The finest exhibits are Chardin's, especially those lent from the Hunterian Museum. "L'Ecureuse", with its extraordinary rich simplicity, must be one of his best pieces. It has no positive colour; for a description you have to grope among apparently over-ingenious qualifications. The white is not white, it has a silvered-chalk quality; the woman's apron, catalogued as "pale yellow", appears in my notes as palest rose, only comparable with the hardly palpable tint of a bleached rose petal. A glimmer of positive colour shows in the washed sky-blue of a little ribbon, a tiny accent yet sure and indispensable. A picture of this largeness and at the same time indescribable delicacy advances an unanswerable point to those who assign "truth to Nature" and "imitation" for the very lowest part of the hell in store for "illustrators". For if ever there were imitation this is, in an extreme form. It never occurs to these judges that there are just as many kinds of "truth" and imitation as there are degrees of knowledge and perception; that in fact it is not the truth that is wrong but the feebleness and far-from-truthfulness of restricted vision.

A brilliant picture is Perronneau's "Woortman", a portrait interestingly reminiscent of the fine "Blackstone" in the National Gallery, by Gainsborough. Seldom do we find such close correspondence between masters of widely different schools. It is as if the wit, the keenness and polished suggestiveness of Gainsborough's attitude and technique were epidemic. "Le désir de plaire", as the Introduction to the Catalogue says, is written legibly over most dix-huitième painting; so that most of it is second-rate. With surprisingly few exceptions (of which as it happens No. 23, "Le désir de plaire", is one), Pater's confections and Lancret's are tedious and obvious; Greuze is intolerably nauseous or sentimental, Boilly vulgar in lighting, colour and idea. But Mlle. Marguerite Gérard is definitely interesting. She really seems to have painted with some private enthusiasm over and above her natural desire to please some sentimental patron; "Les deux Colombes" and "Maternité" are charming examples of her graceful little art. On a higher plane than these is Moreau le Jeune; the drawings lent by Lord Carnarvon are, in their class, remarkably fine. As a pure line draughtsman he is conspicuous even in that age of clever draughtsmen; and though his work is "tricky" and small in quality, yet by sheer drawing, innate elegance and grace it is undoubtedly attractive. There are two other shows of old masters that repay study; a small choice show at Messrs. Knoedler's and the Michaelis Gift to South Africa at the Grosvenor Gallery. Rembrandt's "Lucretia" dominates the first; though not altogether representative as it now stands of his finest quality, it is a strange and moving conception. This is not the young, patrician "white hind" prey of Tarquin, but an older woman full of burdening experience and sorrow. The utter heaviness, the intolerable weariness of life and sorrow, rather than sacrificial passion, are incomparably expressed. Opposite hangs Manet's double portrait, from the Rouart sale, managing to look a little bleak and chalky in comparison. Trousered legs, especially when angular and rather bulkless pipes, are difficult to reconcile with strong design. In this picture they look limp, regular jambes de paille. Moreover in characterisation the heads are slight and pale, as if Manet had but vague

sympathy with his sitters. Among these sounding names we find a portrait (wrongly given to Marc Ghaeraedts) of the Stuart period; presumably another straw indicating the wind's direction. Just as Romney must now be "run" for all he is not worth, because greater old masters are becoming scarcer, so in time the obscure Stuart period will be ransacked by dealers. If ever we are to have a gallery of English primitive portraits, as a special feature of the national Collection, common foresight suggests that we should not wait till they in turn eclipse all auction records. Here also is a "Portrait Group" by Devis Senior, the best example of this practically unknown Georgian English painter. But despite obscurity his picture fetched well over £2000 the other day in the Lady Dorothy Nevill sale.

Later I must come to Mr. Arnold-Forster's and Mr. Spenser-Pryse's interesting shows at the Chenil and Leicester Galleries.

CONCERNING FUNERALS.

By FILSON YOUNG.

THIS is a subject that concerns us all; we can hardly escape having to do with one funeral, be it merely our own; but it is a matter on which most people habitually abstain from forethought, and upon which, when they are called upon to deal with it, they find themselves without definite ideas. The English people have a lively appreciation of funerals; they are among the chief of the more elaborate pleasures in the lives of quite a large class; and with their accompaniment of sumptuary indulgences, the union of scattered relatives and friends, solid eating and drinking, and a general loosening of the purse strings, they are the nearest approach to a high festival that occurs in many a drab life. One of the things which most closely bound Queen Victoria to the mass of her people was her splendidly instinctive funeral sense, if I may so put it; crape and coffins became almost symbolic of domestic and civic virtue, and her letters and diaries reveal how closely the great Queen was in sympathy with the feelings of her people in this matter. She dearly loved a funeral; and although her position made it impossible for her to be in actual attendance at many, she made up for it in reading and writing about them. There is indeed a touch of the undertaker in us all. I myself have outgrown my innocent love of funerals, as I have lost my infant joy in slaughter-houses and other delights of the golden age; but I can remember the day when the sound of a tolling bell and the sight in the distance of a black and white procession emerging slowly from a church porch would set me running headlong, sick with apprehension lest I should be late. I suppose that one explanation of this is that when one is young and happy and grief is missing from one's experience one blindly craves for and seeks out its symbols, in the instinctive knowledge that it is one of the constituents of human life which, without it, is incomplete. But the fuller one's experience of real life becomes, the more willing, I think, one is to avoid all indulgence in these merely dramatic expressions of its experience.

But I have been wondering lately if funerals and memorial services need be quite such depressing and disheartening ceremonies as they too often are. For the social world of London the memorial service in some West End church has taken the place of the ordinary funeral, and it is to the conduct of these services that I particularly wish to draw attention. Of the last five which I have attended, there has been only one which did not outrage my sense of dignity and of man's proper attitude in the face of death. It is not so much the service itself, as the manner and rendering of it, which is at fault. One of the many advantages of ritual is that the average person cannot be trusted to give a dignified or seemly expression to his own emotions. The emotions may be poor, feeble, frightened, pitiable things, but the ritual encloses them as in a casket, hidden from all uncomprehending eyes, and, gathering them with others with which they have a common inspiration, presents them united in grace and dignity.

That is what should be, and all fine rituals are impersonal. The English Burial Service, although less tremendous and impersonal than the Roman Requiem Mass, provides, without the committal portion, a perfectly dignified memorial service. For ninety-nine out of a hundred English people there is indeed no possible alternative. Attempts to improve on it are almost always a failure. It is sometimes thought necessary in the case of people of unorthodox views, or of sceptics, to invent something in the way of a service that will be in harmony with what the deceased believed; but the results are generally ghastly. Who can say what the poor dust believed in his secret soul? Yet many of us have had painful experiences, probably at Golder's Green, of the ethical young man in half-clerical attire who reads emotional poetry, or pages of lofty but aggressively agnostic morality, or sentences from Emerson. Anything more awkward or unsatisfying could hardly be imagined. In every sense, even the purely literary sense, the ritual is better. For my own part, on that ground alone, if there is to be reading aloud over my dead body, and it is a choice between Emerson and S. Paul, give me S. Paul. The truth is that this desire to be buried with rites different from those adopted by one's fellow-men springs from mere intellectual pride, from egoism and vanity. Some people seem to think that it is taking a cowardly advantage of a dead agnostic to read over him the Burial Service of the Church. But the national Church is, or should be, the spiritual mother of all her children, whether they are bad or good, whether they stay at home or wander away into lonely or rocky places; and it is not the literal meaning of the words used so much as the spiritual gesture with which she lays them to rest that should consecrate to all alike the ritual form employed in doing it.

It has now become the fashion in West End churches to make the Burial Service as much like a lamentation as possible. The modern fashion, inaugurated by a sentimental choir-master, is to sing the whole thing almost sotto voce. The breathy voices of little boys murmuring almost inaudibly, to an accompaniment of shimmering organ string-tones, "Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever the earth and the world were made, Thou art God from everlasting and world without end", is to be heard on every such occasion. If hymns are sung on these occasions, they are almost always unsuitable hymns. "Peace, perfect Peace"—a hymn totally lacking in the strengthening and heartening recollections demanded by the occasion—is sung at nine out of ten of these services; its effect is purely sentimental, of a kind to assault people's feelings, and to make those who have been bravely controlling themselves cry. Moreover these hymns are as a rule sung so softly and with so little support of organ tone that it is impossible, even for those who wish to do so, to join in them; so that the tonic effect, after an impressive ceremony, of singing some simple and stately hymn in chorus is entirely lost. Thus the whole thing defeats itself even on the dramatic side. The dramatic effect of singing some simple and not too gloomy hymn to a familiar diatonic tune that everyone could join in, would be, and is, when it is employed, magnificent; but to take leave of one's dead amid snufflings and whimpers is the reverse of everything that is manly, and a negation, I should have thought, of the Christian spirit. The terror and abject penitence produced by the "Dies Iræ" is one thing, but the tearful self-pity of the mood in which "Lead, kindly Light" leaves the average funeral congregation is quite another. And sometimes the hymns chosen are flagrantly out of harmony with conspicuous qualities of the dead. At a recent service commemorating a brave and gallant spirit the congregation was asked to sing on its knees (and of course sotto voce) a whining and whimpering appeal to the Almighty that when our own time came He would remember it in our favour that we had bowed here on our bended knees; that we had owned His presence; and that, far from denying Him, we had had the discernment above less perceptive people to glorify His greatness. The attempt to strike this

miserable bargain was followed by a demand for light, and honour, and glory, and also for consolation—consolation not at the loss of our friend, but for our own approaching death. And the beautiful balance of the service itself was totally destroyed by the interspersing of fourteen verses of doggerel litany in this manner:

‘Thou who didst let fall the tear
On the grave at Bethany;
Who at Nain didst stay the bier
That lone Mother’s tear to dry”

—which was sung at a faldstool by one of the officiating clergy, with a chorused intercession by the choir. The number of people whom I heard expressing something like disgust at this service was considerable.

What is wanted is a Master of Ceremonies whom people would consult on these occasions, who would translate what they wish into what is possible, and what they think would be effective into what is really effective; who would be supreme over clergy, choir, and organist; who would see that the hymns are sung with breadth and dignity; that the music performed is both sober and solemn, and is not merely emotional and sentimental. Failing this, I strongly advise everyone who desires at his own death to spare his friends the distress of one of these performances to give the matter half an hour’s serious consideration now, and take a sheet of notepaper and set down his wishes in the matter in some detail—not only as to what he desires to be done, but also as to what he desires to be left undone.

SKETCHES IN ITALY.

By GEORGE A. B. DEWAR.

VI.

(Concluding Article.)

“WHAT a set!” exclaimed a very superior person of the little circle of English poets and free-thinkers and free-lovers, adventurers and swash-bucklers, who gathered about the Casa Magni nearly a hundred years ago. The superior person was no doubt perfectly right in his sentiment. It can be taken in two very different ways, and either way argues an absolutely sound judgment. They were “a set”, an immoral set, from the standpoint of British propriety—without which we cannot really get along quite happily however much we may rail at it. They were also, from the standpoint of those who value genius and things of beauty, a set indeed, an immortal set—and we cannot do without that side either unless we are to drop out of the intellectual world entirely and become soulless as clods of earth or logs of wood. What immortality made its home for a while in that little plain grey house—what immortal spirits haunt to this day the yellow sands and very blue waters there and the hills and woods about! We hardly realise this till we come round the point from the Bay of Spezzia, and look on this scene of strange, compact loveliness. San Terenzo very suddenly comes into view, quite close at hand, its houses many-coloured and clustered together after the style of little Italian towns or large villages.

One lands a minute or two later from the rocking, puffing little steamer with its cargo of arsenal work-people and poor villagers, but in that minute one has had time to glance round the little bay of Lerici, to see the old castle at the opposite point a mile or so away; and here almost straight in front, and for some reason quite unmistakable, Casa Magni! Then the names not only of Shelley and of Byron, his neighbour at Pisa, but of all that “set” of irregular, irresponsible people come crowding into the mind; and there is not, when we come to think of it, a single one of them who is not of strange compelling interest, scarcely one of them but has his share of immortality.

If anyone really holds or hopes that the next world is peopled only by geniuses and saints, or that immortality is reserved for rare and beautiful natures only, he has surely reckoned without the many figures of men and women who, having no special gifts themselves, chance

to be associated with the great ones. They too are immortal and lodge quite securely in the next world. The Shelley and Byron set at San Terenzo and at Pisa illustrate this. Trelawny is beyond all dispute among these immortals of the Casa Magni; clearly not through his gift as a writer, though it was an excellent one, nor through the lively sketch Mary Shelley made of him in her letter to a friend, nor through his Munchausen-like adventures in the cave of Odysseus when he recovered from his deadly rifle wound in back and jaw by a course of wild boar and coffee. He is immortal simply through what he heard Shelley and Byron say, and because his account of the upset boat and the hastily turned-back copy of Keats’ poems and the search for and finding and burning of the bodies is the only full authentic one. Might not Trelawny go down to fame even if he had only recorded that one little fact about Byron? “When I told Byron his lip quivered and his voice faltered.” Trelawny may have judged Byron harshly in some things—one would rather have what Rogers says of Byron in “Italy”—and there is something horrible in his admission that he curiously examined the clubbed and withered feet. But Trelawny can be forgiven such things because of that exquisite and true touch. Not Trelawny alone was immortalised by Shelley and Byron in Italy. There are various others, men and women. There is Williams, for example, his sailing companion. He left only a few fragments of a diary, and seems to have been not much more than a fresh joyous young Englishman, hearty and kind, but beyond the faintest doubt this man is of the immortals. His wife is in the same group. One is not at all sure that the boy Charles Vivian, who helped to sail the little boat, and died with Shelley, has not his share, too, of undying fame.

There is not a name or a nameless individual in all that “set” that is not touched somewhat by the lustre of Casa Magni and the Pisan life; the world would like to know even who was the wounded dragoon.

I had longed to cross the harbour of Spezzia and see Lerici and Casa Magni since I found Trelawny’s book in, I think, the Oxford Union Library. Even before that I wished it on first reading the “Ode to the West Wind” and some of the Italian lyrics in Shelley’s book—that Bible of the lyricist. But the idea seemed remote and impossible till one day this spring when I was staying with cousins in an Apennine village in North Italy and found myself close to Spezzia. I looked at a section of the old ordnance map of the kingdom of Naples and Sardinia—a better map than any made in Italy if not in England to-day—and there was the Lerici of an impossible dream scarcely twenty miles away! So I went to Spezzia early next morning and crossed the great harbour in a scene of wild carouse over the new “Dreadnought”. Italy had been celebrating “Andrea Doria”. All civilised Italy had been celebrating, it seemed. It has been drinking deep of the cup of patriotism—“full beakers from the warm South”. Working man, middle man, aristocrat—all thronging together, tremendously proud, happy and hot.

That was on Sunday, and now on Monday I came in for the heeltap of it—and I should say that the heeltap was about equal to the brimming goblet at home. I wonder by the way whether our people recognise the force of the Italians’ feeling for their Navy now; and do they know what ruling voices in Italy are exclaiming about England leaving the Mediterranean? They are alarmed, suspicious, and incredulous voices by turns. They are angry voices when we say it is all right—we have left the Mediterranean in the safe keeping of France. Then they grow shrill perhaps and say England has simply scooted. It may all be quite foolish and wrongheaded; still that is the view.

But what a little irony of chance that, coming at last after many years of desire to Casa Magni, one should come through such a scene—

“O cease! must hate and death return?
Cease! must men kill and die?”

However, if Shelley's spirit still haunts that coast, it may have its moments of pale triumph too. I gave my experiences of Spezzia at the time of this launching to a friend who between Naples and Posilippo lives a kind of Shelley life himself, among his books and in his boat at times on the Bay, retreating in full summer to the cool rooms of Sorrento; and he—when at Oxford a great reader of Shelley—told me in return that Shelley's ghost must have had quite a happy day a few years ago at Via Reggio. There is a Shelley monument at this place, and it happened that on the day my friend was in the town the Socialists were having a field day. But the police feared disorder and took the Socialist banners and garlands out of some other public spot and hung them instead round the Shelley memorial. The Italian policeman must have more sense of humour than an English policeman.

In one of his letters Shelley told a friend that he was living in a "divine bay, reading Spanish dramas and sailing and listening to enchanting music". In another letter he likens himself to Anacreon's swallow—"I have left my Nile and have taken up my summer quarters here in a lonely house close by the sea side, surrounded by the soft and sublime scenery of the Gulf of Spezzia". The little bay at San Terenzo with that coast is all that Shelley and Trelawny claimed for it. True a few new houses have grown up about the Casa Magni, and I suppose the sea no longer beats right up into the loggia as in the days of Shelley and the Williamsses; but otherwise there cannot be much change. San Terenzo village and Lerici at the far end of the bay are like so many Italian towns, a medley of curiously subdued, toned-down colour—ochres and siennas and maroons and cream tints as in Naples. It is the same there as in Naples—there seems to be not a crude daub of colour anywhere or a quite new daub of colour. I believe it to be the beauty of pure chance, an effect as undesigned as the colouring of an oak wood in late October; yet, looking at the thing, one finds it hard to put away the idea that this beauty, excellent matching and harmony of colour and shade, is accidental; as in October or early November in England, it is hard to look at the outside of the oak wood and see in it only unessential dyes—a chaos, not a cosmos of colouring.

The Casa Magni scene has a charm not common to all Italy. It is scarcely lonely as it was in its great days, but it is to-day sought out by few sightseers. Where one tourist goes to Shelley's home, a thousand must go to Shelley's grave. I had Casa Magni to myself, and the walk along the sea-wall from San Terenzo to Lerici one day in March—and there is a secret, selfish joy in that. The tamarisk was growing all pink in tiny buds as it does over the Isle of Wight winding sea-wall between Ryde and Spring Vale, and the wistaria was all over Italy at that time a vast mass of blossom—to know what wistaria is one simply must go to that divine South in March and April.

I came back from Lerici with a crowd of Italian holiday-makers and larking Spezzia workmen and girls, and I am sure not an eye among them looked out across the bay and rested on the dim loggia where the women kept their vigil, or knew what it meant. Casa Magni is the home of the shades. And what a site for such a home! The whole of the little bay, and Lerici and San Terenzo and Lerici's old castle are all dipt in sleep and dreams.

THE NEW VILLAGER.

By E. CLEPHAN PALMER.

IN a Dorset village I expected to hear strange words and phrases. Five miles from a town, out of sight of the new world, with nothing but hills all round—surely, I thought, this is the very place to hear English as old and strong as the cottages. In the country, where old habits are little disturbed and customs have deep roots, one hopes to hear surprising phrases, individual and idiomatic.

Perhaps I was unlucky. Perhaps I talked with the wrong people, or drank in the wrong bar-parlour, or had tea in the wrong cottages. But I know that I heard nothing that I could not have heard in London. The landlord of the inn was a man of about forty-five, burly and strong, who had spent most of his life in the village, and whose father had kept the inn before him. Here surely was a man who would say good things in his own way. But instead I found that he was talking stiffly and correctly—not, alas! like a book, but like a newspaper. He was talking journalese. Looking the very embodiment of the old-time innkeeper, making me thirsty by his genial rotundity, drawing the beer as if he had been painted by an artist—he was talking journalese. Talking it easily, too, and with something of pride in his manner, as if he wanted to let me know that a village innkeeper could use long words as well as any townsman. For some time I could not believe that what I heard was a fair version of the man, and every moment I expected to hear him use some good old simple word; but when he said quite easily and without any sign of making a special effort for my benefit, "It is necessary to obtain his consent" instead of "You must get his leave" I gave him up, and wondered what was the explanation of his amazing talk. It was then that I noticed on the settle a copy of a newspaper—the "Daily Mail". I opened it and allowed myself to be guided by the most conspicuous headline. After reading a short way I came upon this paragraph: "The station was by this time crowded with people waiting for the rain to cease, and in about twenty minutes it desisted". Cease! Desisted! It seemed to me at once that here might be the explanation of the innkeeper. All that he had said was on exactly the same level as the newspaper's use of "desisted" instead of "stopped". It was clear that the paper had been well read, and I had, in fact, surprised the innkeeper at the very page. I soon came to more journalese: "At the end of this quadrangle was erected the royal tent". Erected! The very word which the innkeeper had used in mentioning some ugly new cottages which are the only blot on the village. I had hoped, of course, that he would say they were "built", but he preferred to say they were "erected". Further down the column I found that "The guests proceeded to the marquees for tea" and that "the Indians were very simply attired". I was reminded of the fate of an innocent pressman who was once guilty of saying that the King "walked" and that the Queen was "dressed". It was severely pointed out to him that the King could not walk, but could only "proceed", and that the Queen could not be dressed, but only "attired". It was clear that in the report I was reading the pressman had decided to take no risks. I learnt that a Cabinet Minister was "in conversation with" some Canadian visitors. Apparently it would have been dangerous to write "talking with". I found that the innkeeper was a thorough reader of his paper, and there seemed to be no doubt that the habit was responsible for the loss of his own Dorset tongue. He said himself that he read no books—nothing except the paper—and I could see that he took it very seriously. It was clear, too, that he was proud of his stiff town-bred words. That was the calamity. I had no quarrel with him for taking his convictions from the paper. What was disappointing and alarming was that he should take his language from it. I realised that I would rather have talked with his father, who was young before the days of a cheap press and talked, no doubt, good thick Dorset. My experience with the innkeeper was repeated with other villagers. Only the very old talked naturally and well. The rest were all more or less stiff, as if suffering from the effects of reading the newspaper.

There seems to be no other explanation. Possibly village schools may be partly responsible—the village schoolmaster is usually something of a pedant—but it is likely that the popularity of the daily newspaper is the chief cause. Before the cheap press the villager got his words and phrases from his fellows, and the dialect of the place was handed on from one generation

to the other. But now he gets his English from his newspaper. Even if he cannot afford it himself, he sees it at the inn or reading-room. The stilted English is bound to take root in him. Proud of being able to read better than his father, he delights in remembering the new words and phrases that he comes across. Very likely his father read only the pure English of the Bible. This—from the "Daily Express"—seems to be typical of what the son reads: "A second outrage of an equally dramatic character signalled the visit. It took place at the close of the first performance at the Theatre Royal, which is to be the scene of to-morrow's meeting". In this paragraph of thirty-four words at least seven are superfluous, the distressing word "signalled" is used instead of "marked", "happened" is sacrificed for "took place", and instead of the plain "where to-morrow's meeting is to be held" there is the irritating variation "which is to be the scene of to-morrow's meeting". The villager who reads such a paragraph thinks he is reading good English, and consciously or unconsciously models his talk on it. It is possibly good that he should read, but it is very bad that he should read the newspaper.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"CHIVALRY" IN POLITICS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Glasgow, 18 June 1913.

SIR—Would you kindly permit me, as one who has been intimately associated with the Conservative Party in Glasgow for over thirty years, to offer one or two remarks bearing on your censure in your Notes of the 14th inst. of Sir John Stirling-Maxwell's reference to Sir Edward Carson's professional connexion as leading counsel for Mr. Godfrey Isaacs in the Chesterton libel suit? You state very strongly that Sir John's proceeding was not only in "questionable", but in "bad taste". Doubtless, in strict propriety and in normal circumstances, you are right, but I venture to submit that the circumstances in which Sir John spoke were not normal, but particularly exceptional. One thing is very clear to the Conservatives of Glasgow, and that is that Sir John must have deliberated the matter very carefully in his own mind before deciding to refer to Sir Edward's position, because he is never either rash or impulsive in his public utterances, though at all times independent and courageous. The manner in which the luncheon party received Sir John's reference demonstrated very clearly that he was voicing—locally at least—a very strong feeling on the question. The controversy which has arisen in the press shows that this feeling is very widespread, though I am free to admit perhaps unjustified. Personally, at first, I took the view that Sir Edward had followed an indiscreet course, but after reading your Note of the 7th inst., bearing on the point, my objections were removed; and I did what I could to make some of my fellow-Conservatives acquaint with the "duty", not the "etiquette", resting upon Sir Edward as a member of the English Bar. Unfortunately for themselves, too few Conservatives in Glasgow read the "SATURDAY", though by means of the public libraries it is within their reach all over the city.

I have said the circumstances attending this luncheon speech were not normal, and therefore on that ground Sir John was justified in speaking out. It is overlooked that Sir Edward's visit to Glasgow to make an appeal on behalf of Ulster synchronised with the Chesterton libel suit. He was therefore on the stage as the leading man in two opposite characters—as a patriot and a pleader at the Bar. Is it wonderful that the ordinary layman should have some difficulty in reconciling the parts, or that the "man in the street" should be ignorant of the duty of counsel? The fact that members of the party resented Sir Edward's connexion with the case shows how very deeply this Marconi business has stirred the public, and is a good

and healthy sign. But then Sir Edward had come to Glasgow not merely to criticise but to condemn the Government, some of the leading members of which were proved to have been connected with this Marconi gamble. If these men were culpable—as members of a Government—of grave indiscretion, how could Sir Edward defend them in a Law Court and condemn them as a Front-bench Opposition speaker in Parliament? To the non-professional mind, and that of the keen party man, the position seemed, if not inconsistent, at least contradictory. In referring to the matter I am therefore of opinion that Sir John gave Sir Edward an opportunity of removing a great deal of misapprehension, an opportunity which I think was not fully taken advantage of by Sir Edward. His claim that he was following the best traditions of the English Bar was both dignified and true, but a little fuller explanation would have still further strengthened his position. The ordinary man grasps the real point when he is told, as Judge Neville put it, that a barrister is like a cabman on a stance—he must take the "first hail".

It is clear now that, all things considered, Sir Edward's connexion with the Chesterton case and also as the Ulster leader places him in an altogether unprecedented position. Probably had he not been the latter his connexion with the former would never have been remarked by the ordinary politician. In this peculiar connexion—both as regards time and men—lies Sir John Stirling-Maxwell's justification in speaking as he did. So far as Glasgow Conservatives are concerned this connexion of Sir Edward was matter of wide and critical remark. Indeed, it is within my personal knowledge that several sturdy members of the party whose subscriptions were due refused point blank to renew the same because of this connexion. That resentment has now been largely if not wholly removed, thanks to Sir John Stirling-Maxwell's outspoken remarks. I feel sure you will agree with me when I say that the ordinary layman's ignorance in these matters is excusable. Is it not well, however, that such ignorance should be removed, even if the canons of strict propriety should not be followed? Sir Rufus Isaacs, however, was not ignorant. Did he act according to the best traditions of the English Bar in placing Sir Edward in this invidious position? Rather, was he not using his privilege to serve a party advantage?

Yours etc.

MARR GRIEVE.

["Pleader at the Bar" and "Patriot" are in no sense opposite characters, as Sir Edward Carson and Mr. F. E. Smith in their own persons prove. The popular difficulty in understanding the status of an advocate is to us unintelligible. Sir J. Stirling-Maxwell is an educated man and ought to know that the advocate has nothing to do with the merits of the case. He ought also to know it is not good manners to censure your guest. Sir Rufus Isaacs was entitled to retain Sir Edward Carson or any other barrister.—ED. S.R.]

THE NATIONAL DEBT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Springhill Clarkston Glasgow

7 June 1913.

SIR—State Paper Cd. 6798, which was published some days ago and which covers forty-three folio pages, seems at first sight well calculated to satisfy the curiosity of the most inquisitive as to the history and the present position of the National Debt. In reality it will deceive rather than inform such readers as are not otherwise conversant with the accounts. I would ask anyone who has given attention to this formidable document if he could gather therefrom that there was, on 31 March last, a sum of six millions sterling in the hands of the National Debt Commissioners for employment in debt redemption—that is to say paid out from the Exchequer but not yet accounted for in the debt return. That nevertheless is the most interesting fact in the situation as at that date; and it cannot be

elicited otherwise than by collation of accounts previously published with those presented in the return which I have before me.

To Mr. Lloyd George's boastful statement that what he and his predecessor have done "is a feat in debt redemption which no Government has ever approached before" there is a *per contra* which, when the truth is known, will strip it of its gilt. At page 27 of this return we read: "The Consolidated Fund is liable to make good any amount by which the funds held by the National Debt Commissioners may prove insufficient to meet the claims of Depositors in the Post Office Savings Banks or of the Trustees of Trustee Savings Banks and Friendly Societies". That is all the information vouchsafed as to this liability; and a search through the accounts of the last eight years will yield nothing but this same formula. If there is any further information I have failed to find it. What is the amount of this liability? The last account in which it is given is that for 1903-4, at the end of which year it was 14½ millions, having risen in one year by over six millions concurrently with a fall of 4 per cent. in the value of Consols. This security has since fallen eleven or twelve points more; so that we shall probably not be wrong in estimating the deficiency at something between thirty and forty millions. Here we have a perfect measure of the interest which his Majesty's faithful Commons of the present Parliament take in the national credit. So far as I have been able to find there has not, during these eight years, been a question asked in Parliament, or a line printed for its information, having direct reference to this savings bank deficiency. For these worshipful legislators the national credit is a reservoir of which they command the outflow. As to its replenishment, they do not apparently regard it as any concern of theirs.

Mr. George's feats in debt redemption are nothing compared with his feats in debt creation; which latter would indeed have been impossible in the presence of anything like a sense of responsibility for credit on the part of Parliament. To take one instance only: the so-called contribution of twopence per individual per week to National Health Insurance—which is not so much a contribution as a draft on the future, uncalculated and incalculable—was a virtual new National Debt running into hundreds of millions, as the scheme was introduced. Every amendment brought forward was in the direction of further loads on the taxpayer. The last of the matter, so far as we have gone, is the compounding of Mr. George's dispute with the doctors, which is an increase of the taxpayer's burden by some fifty millions. I don't think that a voice was raised in protest.

I am Sir your obedient servant

JOHN GOVAN.

MILITANT TERRORISM.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

London, 6 June 1913.

SIR—The greatest mistake of the militant suffragists appears to be that they think they can terrorise their opponents into compliance with their demands. Their plan of campaign shows a lamentable lack of knowledge of masculine nature, apart from all other aspects of the question. No man, worthy the name, would allow himself to be browbeaten and bullied into any course of action, no matter how much he might be in sympathy with it. It would be a point of honour with him to resist such tyranny without regard to the quarter from which it came. He would lose his self-respect if he admitted, even to himself, that he had done such and such a thing because he was afraid, and it would be a poor creature who would surrender his manhood to threats of injury to his person or his property. It is entirely contrary to all the best English traditions, and the deluded women who persist in indiscriminate outrage to further their ends should be made to understand this basic fact.

Yours etc.

F. C.

PLAY-PUBLISHING.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

3 Adam Street Adelphi London W.C.

18 June 1913.

SIR—In your last number Mr. John Palmer, in referring to us by name as publishers of modern plays, first generally applauds our discretion and then accuses us of a tendency to "rush into print plays which even a West End audience would justifiably boggle at". Unless Mr. Palmer specifies the publications to which he refers we cannot exculpate ourselves; but ask meanwhile that you should allow us to protest against the implication of his paragraph—namely that we are the publishers of the three plays he names: "The 'Mind the Paint' Girl", "Kismet", and "The War God": which is not the case.

Yours faithfully

SIDGWICK AND JACKSON LTD.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR—I did not intend to imply that Messrs. Sidgwick and Jackson were the publishers of "The 'Mind the Paint' Girl", "Kismet", and "The War God". In fact I knew that they were not, having very distinctly in my eye the grey wrapper of Messrs. Methuen, the ochre covers of Messrs. Heinemann, and the blue wrapper of Mr. Fisher Unwin. Perhaps the collocation of the sentences was unfair to Messrs. Sidgwick and Jackson; for I see now it would lead the unknowing to infer their responsibility. On the other hand, my express exception of Messrs. Sidgwick and Jackson from the worst offences would surely isolate them from the infection of these titles.

As instances of plays Messrs. Sidgwick and Jackson might reasonably have avoided I would mention "Lords and Masters" and Mr. Houghton's collected plays in one act. Messrs. Sidgwick and Jackson have in play-publishing a higher tradition to keep up than any other firm. They must not fall short of their own high standard.

I am yours obediently

JOHN PALMER.

EVENING IN MAY.

THERE is nought tragic here, tho' night uplifts
A narrow curtain where the footlights burned;
But 'tis an Act where Love each bold heart sifts
And blushes in the dark, yet has not spurned
The strong resolve of noon. The maiden's head
Is brown upon the shoulder of her youth,
Hearts are exchanged, long-pent-up words are said,
Blushes burn out at the long tale of truth.

The blackbird blows his yellow flute so strong
And rolls away the notes in careless glee,
It breaks the rhythm of the thrush's song
And puts red shame upon his rivalry.
The yellowhammers on the roof-tiles beat
Sweet little dulcimers to broken time,
And here the robin with a heart replete
Has all, in one short plagiarised rhyme.

The shepherd blows a loud horn far away,
And Echo, the first listener, from grey crags
Tells it again where woolly lambs make play
By sandy shallows where the river lags.
And night floats wide, and song grows sleepy low.
Cold stars and darkness fill the great wide stage.
Ah me, that over all come falling slow
The seeds of winter-time and grey-haired Age!

F. E. LEDWIDGE.

REVIEWS.

A ROYAL CHAUCER.

"The Canterbury Tales of Geoffrey Chaucer." The Text of Walter W. Skeat. Illustrated by W. Russell Flint. In Three Vols. London: The Medici Society. 1913. £7 17s. 6d. net.

IF Quintilian had been addressing himself to students of English literature, he would doubtless have transferred to Chaucer the observation which he made with regard to Cicero: "Ille se profecisse sciat, cui Cicero valde placebit"; and if he had been privileged to see this beautiful reprint he would have added that Chaucer would only please in the highest degree, if he were read in the edition prepared in the well-known series of the Riccardi Press Books. When the name of this series has been mentioned it is unnecessary to say much more by way of describing the typography and the get-up of the volume. We cannot suggest any improvement, and the publication of the first volume, which appears alone, makes us anticipate with pleasure the two concluding volumes which are announced for the autumn. This reprint has the further advantage, which is not always possessed by reprints, of being printed from an excellent and scholarly text, the first really satisfactory text of Chaucer which has appeared.

With Mr. Russell Flint's beautiful pictures we do not feel quite so well satisfied. It is difficult to quarrel with them just because they are so charming, and we should welcome them anywhere but as illustrations to the "Canterbury Tales". The manner in which they are distributed indeed rather suggests that the artist felt himself in some difficulty as an illustrator of this particular book. The volume, in accordance with Professor Skeat's arrangement, which is that of his principal manuscript, covers the Prologue, the Tales of the Knight, Miller, Reeve, Cook (omitting Gamelyn), Lawyer, Shipman and Prioress and Chaucer's own two tales. The illustrations are allotted as follows: one to the Prologue, five to the Knight, one to the Miller, three to the Lawyer, one to the Prioress, and one to the Tale of Melibee; that is to say the more romantic and artificial portions of the book capture ten out of the twelve pictures. Out of the two, one, the illustration to the Prologue, merely depicts the falling of the April showers, and very exquisitely it does it. There is left one picture only to represent Chaucer in his natural, or naturalistic, if that word be preferred, frame of mind. This shows us the Carpenter's young wife, with her body "as any wesele gent and smal", her admirable clothes, more or less as per catalogue, leering timidly through a window over her spouse's head at the lusty fellow who is beckoning to her from the "High" at Oxford or its neighbourhood. It seems to us the most successful picture in the book. But why are there no similar illustrations to the Prologue? There is, it is true, an admirably drawn group on the title-page, which gives us a well-characterised collection of seven of the speakers, omitting the Host; but the Knight, if he had been as depicted, would scarcely, we think, have inspired the exquisite lines:

"Of his port as meke as is a mayde,
He never yet no vileinye ne sayde
In al his lyf, un-to no maner wight.
He was a verray parfit gentil knight".

Perhaps the artist intends in the later volumes, where the remaining personages come into action, to give us something further which will add, if that be possible, to the word-pictures of that "verrey parfit practisour" the Doctor, whose "studie was but litel on the bible", or of the Parson, that early example of Father O'Flynn, who did not make for himself "a spyced conscience", and who, in order to teach Christian doctrine effectively, "at first folwed it himself", or of the Wife of Bath, who "was a worthy womman al hir lyve", and showed it by having five husbands at the church door in addition to "other companye in youthe".

It is the Prologue indeed which seems to us to set the seal of immortality on the "Canterbury Tales" and to place its author beside, or perhaps above, Boccaccio. The introduction to the "Decameron" is great among great literature, but Filomena and Dioneo and the rest are mere shadows, and we cannot trace their characters except from the nature of the tales that they tell, and very dimly at the best from that. Chaucer's twenty-nine men and women of the people are almost as clearly before our eyes as if we had ridden a-horseback with them from the Tabard on that famous April morning. We are not left to draw their characters from their tales, but their tales flow from their characters. The little interludes, which complete the picture, are very different from the somewhat wearisome ballads and sonnets and polite conversations and meals with which the great Italian passes from day to day and from story to story. Nothing could be more humorous than the sudden breaking off of the Cook's Tale with a line which must have caused the hearers to expect something really succulent in the sequel. Probably there is a lacuna in the text here, afterwards filled up with the weary lay of Gamelyn, but we are unable to believe that the stoppage of the story at this particular point was not fully intentional. A similar device is employed before the end of this volume in the case of Chaucer himself. He starts with the extraordinarily funny parody of the ballad style known as the "Tale of Sir Thopas", and after 207½ lines of the stuff the "Second Fit" is abruptly terminated by the Host: "No more of this, for goddes dignitee . . . Myn eres aken of thy drasty speche". Chaucer protests "that it is the beste rym I can" but submits and fully revenges himself on the interrupter and the company by the prose Tale of Melibee.

No one can say that any of the tales are inappropriate, but Chaucer's part in them is of varying merit. It is just in those tales which have been most copiously illustrated by Mr. Russell Flint that the originality is less apparent. The Knight's Tale is beautiful enough, but the story was more finely treated, though at excessive length, by Boccaccio in his "Teseide", and much more finely, it seems to us, with all the panoply of Elizabethan drama at its greatest, by Fletcher and Shakespeare in "The Two Noble Kinsmen". The modest prologue to this play, beseeching the indulgence of the audience lest their disapproval should grieve the spirit of the Father of English Poetry, is wiped from our memory as soon as the curtain rises by the exquisite music of "Roses, their sharp spines being gone". The Lawyer's Tale was perhaps not taken direct from Gower's "Confessio Amantis", but at any rate it follows the prose story of Nicholas Trivet very closely; and, charming though the verse often is, one cannot fail to become a little weary of the Lawyer, Custance the Emperor's daughter, the duplicated plots of two evil-minded mothers-in-law, one black and the other white, and the operation of coincidence, which is required to produce a happy ending. The Tale of Melibee certainly forms an admirable revenge on Chaucer's part for the compulsory extinction of Sir Thopas, but he can claim little credit for it, since it is translated directly from Jean de Meung's version of an ancient story. If it were not such a magnificent specimen of English prose, we should find it difficult to exercise the patience of those who first heard it on the road to Canterbury.

It is in some of the other stories in this volume that, in our opinion, Chaucer shows his real greatness, the stories that, for want of a better word, we may describe as truly British, the stories where the vigour and the humour of the ancestors of those of us who are English are resplendent, tales that smack throughout of British beef and beer. They may in some cases, such as the Reeve's Tale, find their origin in the common European stock of fabliaux, but their treatment is all English. Even the Prioress did not pretend to be shocked at them, though we must not forget that even that modest lady wore a brooch with the motto "Amor vincit omnia". The only person who expresses any

regret is the author, who, before he allows the Miller to begin, beseeches "Who-so list it nat y-her" to "turne over the leef, and chese another tale". We sincerely hope that no reader of the "Canterbury Tales" has ever turned the page.

"DEAR JOHN."

"Early Correspondence of Lord John Russell. 1805-1840." Edited by his Son, Rollo Russell. Two vols. London: Fisher Unwin. 1913. 21s. net.

THESE letters illustrate the earlier half of Lord John Russell's career, which is far more amiable and meritorious than the latter half. After 1850, when Lord John Russell became entangled in the Crimean War and involved in his long duel with Lord Palmerston, he frequently appears in a petty and petulant aspect. But in the early days between 1820 and 1840, when Lord John was pushing parliamentary reform with a sweet reasonableness all too rare in politics, and when he was helping his indolent chief, Lord Melbourne, he appears in a very favourable light, and there can be no doubt of his popularity with his own set. Nearly everybody wrote to him as "My dear John", or in some variant of that style. Brougham addressed him as "Dear Giovanni" or "Don Giovanni"; Palmerston wrote to him as "Dear John Russell". There can be no greater proof of a man being popular. These volumes, by the way, prove the fact that letters written by and to interesting people are not necessarily interesting. Sydney Smith, Tom Moore, and the subject of this memoir were all interesting men; yet the letters between them printed by Mr. Rollo Russell are quite trivial and uninteresting. The best written letters are those from the Duke of Bedford to his son; they are sensible, witty, and full of good allusions, though there is one good story spoilt. Sheridan said, "A joke in Lauderdale's mouth is no laughing matter", not "in Lauderdale's hands", as the Duke puts it. It was also Sheridan, and not some unknown M.P., who spoke of "Gibbon's luminous page" in his Westminster Hall speech in the trial of Warren Hastings, and who, when someone told him afterwards that Gibbon was very much flattered at being called "luminous", whispered "Sure I said voluminous".

The most interesting political fact in the letters is that Lord Grey and Lord John Russell both urged Lord Melbourne in 1835 to take Lord Brougham back into the service of the Whig party, either by again making him Lord Chancellor or by appointing him Master of the Rolls. But Melbourne was inexorable, and as he was the most good-natured and easy-going of men, there must have been something done by Brougham which has not been disclosed. We cannot help thinking that many of the errors of the Melbourne Government would have been avoided if Brougham had been their Lord Chancellor instead of Lord Cottenham. But character is more important in business even than brains, and Melbourne had made up his mind not to trust Brougham with the Great Seal. The curious thing is that Lord Grey was the person whom Brougham had injured, not Lord Melbourne; and Lord Grey begged Lord Melbourne to forget the past rather than make an enemy of Brougham. The consequence of Melbourne's obstinacy was that for thirty years the nation was deprived of the services of one of her ablest men, and the Whigs lost one of the greatest orators of the last century. There are in one or two of the letters from Lord John some very shrewd remarks about the difficulty of a permanent Tory majority in the House of Lords. Lord John was in favour of a gradual creation of Whig peers, and well would it have been for the Second Chamber if this policy had been persevered in for half a century. Another example of the effect of character in public life is Lord Durham, who is the subject of a good many letters to Lord Melbourne. Lord Durham was a man of great ability, independence of mind, and courage. The head

of the powerful Lambton family, who grew rich on coal royalties, he detached himself from the Whigs, with whom he lived, and spoke and acted as an advanced Radical. If there was one animal that the Whigs detested, far more than a Tory or a Repealer, it was a Radical, because they dared not altogether repudiate him. There is no doubt that Lord Durham's courage and energy saved Canada from anarchy and civil war when he was sent out as Governor-General in 1839. But he was so personally unpopular amongst his colleagues that he was only faintly supported by the Cabinet, although his famous Report is a great State paper. Durham was vain and selfish, and, like all egoists, he was incapable of loyalty to any chief or party, but was always intriguing for his own hand. He was determined to be Prime Minister by the aid of the Radicals, and consequently tried to undermine Lord Grey, and of course was furiously jealous of Lord Brougham. "Dear John" was a person with whom it was difficult to quarrel in the 'thirties (being then just over forty); but even with him Durham managed to get up a dispute as to the authorship of the great Reform Bill. Many statesmen have tried to claim the credit of the great Reform Bill—Brougham, of course, and Durham, and probably the Government counsel who drafted the Bill. There can be little doubt that far the largest share of the credit belongs to Lord John Russell, not merely for the settling of the clauses—that was done by a committee of four—but for his patient and tactful advocacy of the measure for many years in the House of Commons. That a member of one of the greatest two Whig houses in England should have steadily pushed a measure which could not but destroy the power of the great Revolution families shows a rare love of justice, and of popular institutions for their own sake. Lord John Russell had a shy, dry manner which made him seem arrogant to those who knew him slightly in the House of Commons. He was loved by the public out of doors, who did not know him personally at all, and by those relatives and friends who called him John. The best character sketch of him at this period may be found in Disraeli's "Lord George Bentinck."

GAOL-BIRDS: THEIR HABITS AND HABITATION.

"Penal Philosophy." By Gabriel Tarde. London: Heinemann. 1912. 20s. net.

"Words of the State." By Tighe Hopkins. London: Herbert and Daniel. 1913. 10s. 6d. net.

A MAN to whom a statue has been erected, and whose conceptions have received the eulogy of Bergson, may well be assumed to write with considerable acumen. And indeed there are a multitude of good things scattered through Professor Tarde's book, keen observations, terse epigrams, shrewd remarks; but, alas! we have to add that they require a deal of looking for, and the average reader is likely to miss them and to put down the volume in absolute weariness before he has had the patience to appreciate its ability. Professor Tarde reminds us of those criminologists whom Dr. Devon described as examining the criminal as a naturalist studies a beetle, and not as men trying to understand the real position of another in trouble, and endeavouring fairly to put themselves in his place. Indeed, Professor Tarde's "beetle" hardly appeared to be even a living one, but rather a specimen duly labelled and classified in a scientist's cabinet. This is the weak side of "Penal Philosophy".

In a number of pages, and through labyrinths of words, he abandons the ideas of guilt and responsibility, as they have been founded upon the alleged freedom of human action (free will), and tries to re-establish them on a new foundation—namely, on "Personal Identity" and "Social Similarity". But could not these terms be translated into plain language, with which the majority of his readers would be familiar, and then are they not very like "General Character" and

"Social Environment"; things that are certainly very important factors in judging people, but, as thus rendered, not especially new or supremely illuminating.

We cannot always agree with his sociology. To hold that "the refinement of tastes and sentiments which distinguish woman, even though she be savage, without doubt forbid anthropophagy to her", is a sentiment begotten it seems of the author's French chivalry, but no such idea can be maintained from the evidence of explorers. (See, for instance, Professor Westermarck's "Origin of the Moral Ideas," vol. ii. pp. 554, 562.) To believe that women who assisted at the torture of enemies, who witnessed the gladiatorial spectacles, and who still enjoy the bull-fighting, would be innately repelled from practising cannibalism where it was common and customary is absurd.

But when the professor emerges from metaphysics—we appreciate his note on the moral sense at page 180—and returns to the earth and practical problems, he writes what is valuable, and thoroughly justifies the American Committee in having chosen out his work for translation. At the hands of this keen old judge that unbalanced genius, Lombroso, get his deserts, in being told that he does not always agree with himself, which is strictly true. The author lays all due stress upon the influence of imitation on people, a tremendous force in these days of newspapers, and also upon the effects of social isolation. The criminal is out of touch with the commonwealth, the people whom he formerly knew avoid him; much more from fear for themselves than from pharisaism. He is excommunicated, informally, but effectively, and is driven to live with the other outcasts who will receive him, and thus he becomes permanently incorporated into some group of hunted, despised, and quite anti-social persons who live by crime, since all else is closed to them.

We think that the judge—perhaps from long force of habit—relies too much upon the penal machinery, but he correctly observes that "after all this sword of justice is the only direct instrument at the immediate disposal of the public authority in its struggle with the enemy within". We are glad to see that he is severe on the cell, which "has only substituted consumption for corruption", and that he deprecates the stagnation and general barrenness of the penitentiaries. It ought to be possible, he remarks, to bring together the worst human brutes and the finest types of men; but, to achieve this, the boundaries of the prisons would have to be far extended, until they became settlements, not menageries. He disapproves of executions as they are now carried out, and advocates that a less repulsive punishment than the guillotine be adopted, and that the condemned should, to a certain extent, select how they choose to die. This plan is now being tried in some States in America, and there is much to be said for it.

Mr. Tighe Hopkins has compiled his book on altogether different lines, though it has this much in common with the work just reviewed, that it would have been much improved by considerable cutting down, as several chapters appear to be essays that have been put in at random. But the main thesis is sound; like Dr. Devon—who has just been created a Prison Commissioner—Mr. Hopkins assails the bad old theories with common sense, and his attack upon the punishment of imprisonment is often unanswerable. The author declares that there are no beneficial results from it. If he means none to the inmates of prison cells, this is simply true, and it would be an outrage and a mockery upon human nature if it were otherwise. How, asks Tolstoy, should we proceed if we desired to degrade people? Could we plan out their utter damnation more certainly than by systematically starving their intellects and their moral emotions, and driving them down to the lowest animalism? To dream always of food amidst the hungry, to brood on his crimes, shut out from all consolation, where he cannot well be good or bad, but must act like an automaton; no wonder the prison product is what he is.

A negative value prisons share with the gallows, and even the whipping-post, by being a check upon deliberate criminals who, if they dared, would batten

on the community; but whether their by-products are not even more poisonous than those set up by the sanguinary instruments which were employed up to the latter part of the eighteenth century—when gaols began to be places for punishing—is extremely doubtful. The author quotes Sir Godfrey Lushington's criticism, "I consider that the mediæval thief who had his right hand cut off was much more likely to turn over a new leaf than a convict who has had ten years' penal servitude".

Although the English prisons have been immeasurably improved upon what they were before 1898, and although our penal servitude is more humane than that in Belgium, Italy, or Prussia, the fact remains that prisons should only be what they were of old, collecting-places for examination, not for punishment. But while our ancestors could do nothing better than "deliver the gaols" and ill-treat their inmates, by sending them on to be flogged, or transported, or hanged outright, we must condemn the gaol and deliver the prisoners. Some day they will all be carefully sorted out, classified, and passed on, to undergo many widely differing forms of treatment, according to their condition and needs. And then the gaol will really have been a help to those who were sent to it, and people will read Mr. Hopkins' descriptions of what used to be done, and marvel what life was like when such things were possible.

FOLKLORE INTERPRETATIONS.

"The Myth of the Pent Cuckoo: a Study in Folklore." By the Rev. John Edward Field. London: Stock 1913. 7s. 6d. net.

MR. FIELD need not have written this book. If he had laid down his theory and the proofs he is able to produce in support of it, it would have made an excellent study for the Folklore Society or for one of the archaeological societies. But the book is unnecessary. Mr. Field puts his case in this way: "It has seemed desirable to treat it [the subject] in a popular way and to introduce historical notes and a variety of illustrative matter". In fact he does not treat his subject in a popular way, and his historical notes consist of a jumble of facts not well arranged and containing not a single complete reference to his authorities.

If we are obliged to say this of the book, we have something better to say of its subject-matter. Mr. Field takes up the study of the well-known and apparently hopeless series of folk-tales or chap-book stories known as cuckoo stories, of which "The Wise Men of Gotham" is the most famous type. He examines these stories for glimpses of archaeological or historical detail, and from this material he formulates a conclusion. All this is excellent. From much better examples of the folk-tale less interesting results have been arrived at, and the application of the principle that tradition is founded upon fact and is not a mere effort of imagination or a conscious production of fiction has never been put to a more formidable test.

First of all then as to the elements of fact which may be discovered in these stories. They are all prehistoric. The Gothamites had only one knife among them, and they stuck it in a tree in the middle of the village where all might use it. This, says Mr. Field, seems to carry us back to very early days when the usual place of meeting in each little tribal community was a tree in the middle of the village, and he might have added to this that the ancient ceremonial of striking a sword upon the stone or the tree which marks the assembly-place adds further point to his conclusion. Mr. Field identifies several places which are connected with the cuckoo myth as meeting-places of the tribal assembly, and the point he makes is an exceedingly good one. Another set of facts show that the places identified with the cuckoo myth have two interesting features, first the precise spot where the villagers of these places say their forefathers hedged in or embanked the cuckoo is a prehistoric tumulus

in the village, and, secondly, that these places are associated in each case with a place in the neighbouring valley or in some adjoining district, and Mr. Field concludes that "when we put all this together there can be little doubt that the legends preserve a reminiscence of the time when the invading English captured the village, and the Briton found his last place of refuge on the ridge of hills above".

We think Mr. Field is probably right in his conclusions, but we should have been thankful for a clearer method of showing it. A closer examination of the details of the cuckoo myth would have revealed other points of prehistoric usage. Thus the incident of hauling a cow to the roof of the house to eat off a growth of vegetation is to be found in some of the remote hill residences of Scotland as a living practice coming within the observation of Sir Arthur Mitchell when he published his lectures on "The Past in the Present", and it is surely not for Mr. Field to point out that "in several of our rural parishes there is a spot which has been known from time immemorial as the Cuckoo Pen", and then to leave the evidence for this with the remark that "usually the villagers have their own interpretation of it which is often quite worthless". Mr. Field should have first analysed all the examples of the myth for the purpose of pointing out their constituent elements, then discussed the prehistoric items and the significance of their geographical distribution and their archaeological association. We should then have been prepared for his conclusions. As it is, his conclusions come upon us capriciously and suddenly, and we doubt very much whether the general reader, for whom Mr. Field professedly writes, will be able to follow him. The expert reader in the meantime is continuously annoyed by a method which brings about a thinly-drawn-out statement of evidence, followed by a conclusion which has no clear connexion with the evidence. Mr. Field too is loose in his terminology. He is dealing with a state of things which belongs to tribal history, and yet he talks of the Saxons living "under a merely tribal system" after having argued that they conquered Britain by a highly organised military system. He assumes all sorts of things. Roman London was situated south of the Thames. The Britons had their "clans" and also "towns". A short excursus into the region of comparative myth leaves us nowhere.

Mr. Field's book is therefore on the whole an unsatisfactory performance. It deals with a good subject, it arrives at quite sound conclusions, but it never approaches the standard of either a popular book or of a student's book.

THE RACE IS NOT TO THE SWIFT.

"The Correspondence of Jonathan Swift." Edited by F. Elrington Ball. Vol. IV. London: Bell. 1913. 10s. 6d. net.

THAT Swift's life was a failure in the eighteenth century and would have been a splendid success in the twentieth century no one, we think, will deny. Imagine what a fortune "Gulliver's Travels" and "A Tale of a Tub" would have brought its author in these days, particularly if he had been known to be in the confidence of Messrs. Asquith and Lloyd George! Like the author of "Peter Pan", he would have made his plum and been made a baronet, or an archbishop, had he clung to holy orders, which he would probably have discarded. As it was, Swift died "like a rat in a hole", to use his own words. Of a good thing there may be too much, and we confess that Dr. Ball is overdoing the dose, which his exasperating and unnecessary footnotes render more and more unpalatable. The dipper wants no footnotes; to the consecutive reader they are either an insult or mere teasing. If the matter is important, the intelligent reader will remember what has gone before; if it is unimportant, he is bored by being told to look it up. We give an example, taken at random, of Dr.

Ball's impertinence. P. 314 (Swift to Gay etc.). "Dear Sir—I had your letter by Mr. Ryves a long time after the date, for I suppose he stayed long in the way".² The footnote 2 says "supra p. 302". On turning to p. 302 we find (Gay to Swift), "I did what I could to assist Mr. Ryves and I am very glad that he hath found justice"! Another footnote 1 says, "It appears from Swift's reply" (i.e. the letter beginning as above) "that this letter was conveyed to him by Ryves, supra p. 285, n. 2"! Another reference and another footnote! On turning to p. 285 we read (Gay to Swift) "The Duchess will undertake to recommend the Lords of her acquaintance to attend Mr. Ryves' cause if it should come on before our return. The Duke will do the same".² Yet another footnote 2 which says, "The reference is to a suit between William Ryves and David Bindon, which led to an appeal to the British House of Lords" etc. At last we have it! Three back references and three footnotes are required to remind us that Ryves, a son of a sister of Philip Savage, a cousin of Lady Acheson, one of Swift's intimates, had a law-suit in the House of Lords! As we said just now, if the thing had been important, we should have remembered it. As Ryves and his law-suit were perfectly unimportant we bitterly resent Dr. Ball's sending us on this fool's errand. If we had paid the like attention to all his footnotes, it would have taken us months to work through this volume, one of four, and not the last.

The trio of correspondents, Swift, Pope, and Bolingbroke, were soured and unamiable persons. Gay and Arbuthnot were normal, kindly men, but they were appendages of the famous triumvirate. Each had some excuse for his ill-nature. Pope's health was very bad, as was Swift's, while he and Bolingbroke were banished from political life by the breakdown of their party and by the persecution of their opponents. Whatever the excuses, their letters leave a nasty taste in the mouth. Clever disappointed men cannot help writing bitterly of their neighbours and of public affairs, but sometimes their bitterness is amusing reading. Byron and Heine, for instance, both railed against mankind, but their letters are very entertaining. We cannot say the same of Swift's, or Bolingbroke's, or Pope's. There is a monotony about Swift's letters which will be found to harp on three strings, his health, his isolation and loss of influence, and the necessity of getting money for old age. The following passage will be found to contain all the points of the Swiftian philosophy: "I mend slowly and limp when I walk. For these reasons I would fain have you get enough against you grow old, to have two or three servants about you and a convenient house. It is hard to want those subsidia senectuti when a man grows hard to please, and few people care whether he be pleased or not. I have a large house, yet I should hardly prevail to find one visitor if I were not able to hire him with a bottle of wine, so that when I am not abroad on horseback I generally dine alone, and am thankful if a friend will pass the evening with me over a bottle. I am now with the remainder of my pint before me that I drank with water at dinner with no creature but two servants attending while I eat about half a chicken, and so here is your health, and the second and chief is to my Tunbridge acquaintance, my lady Duchess. And I tell you that I fear my lord Bolingbroke and Mr. Pope, a couple of philosophers, would starve me, for even of port wine I would require half a pint a day and as much at night, and you" (i.e. Gay) "were growing as bad, unless your Duke and Duchess have mended you. You have not forgot 'Gentlemen, I will leave you to your wine', which was but the remainder of a pint when four glasses were drunk. I told that story to everybody in commendation of Mr. Pope's abstemiousness". This is very Swiftian. "That story" stuck to Pope through life and ever since. It may have been in revenge for this cutting jest that Pope published a miscellaneous collection of Swift's writings, or those

alleged to be his, without consulting the author. Truly it takes a bad heart to say a good thing, and we should not care to have lived with this triplet of wits.

A ROMAN ROAD.

"The Stane Street: a Monograph." By Hilaire Belloc. Illustrated by William Hyde. London: Constable. 1913. 7s. 6d. net.

FOLLOWING the Sussex Stane Street was a very different task for Mr. Belloc from following the Pilgrims' Way. The "Old Road" attracted the general reader with country tastes. There was a good deal in its name. It was a pre-Roman road, making its way for a considerable distance as the land permitted and without being troubled about speed. Over the greater part of its course it was pretty well known, but the bridging of gaps provided a test of wit as well as patience, because the road had a character which had to be intimately known. The result was one of Mr. Belloc's most valuable, though not most characteristic, books. An attempt was indeed made to give it something of the continuous and personal interest of "The Path to Rome", but unsuccessfully. The important thing was the road, and fortunately much the greater part of the book was devoted to the road and to roads in general. There is no other book dealing with a road which is equally useful and readable. The general chapter and the chapters of exploration are certain to raise the standard of amateurs in roads. From the two books a handbook on roads could be and ought to be compiled.

"The Stane Street" has none of the attractiveness of the Pilgrims' Way to the general reader. There are gaps, but they cannot be filled up by a psychologist of roads. It is a Roman road with a definite purpose, and a beginning and an end at London and Chichester, which are well known. The general reader will probably find all that he wants to know about it in Codrington's "Roman Roads in Britain". If he takes to this book it will be because it is a view and lively examination of a purely Roman road, one which was "evidently engineered in every yard of it; deliberately planned for a particular Imperial purpose, and unconnected (save possibly at river crossings) with the barbaric ways which Roman civilisation found on reaching the island". The road is also sufficiently short and accessible to be mastered in two or three days' walking, and there are points where the traveller can grasp virtually the whole of it. Mr. Belloc brings this out when he says that Gumber Corner, where the road crosses the South Downs, "was undoubtedly the point from which the general idea of the road was first taken. Three great landmarks—one upon the summit of the Surrey Downs, the second on Leith Hill, the third erected here at Gumber Corner—could be made the pivots for the whole survey. From the first the crossing of the Thames at London could be easily marked upon the north; from the second this to the north, and Gumber itself upon the south, while from Gumber Chichester and the Channel upon the south lay spread out beneath. Four views taken from three points thus command the whole fifty-seven miles".

It was open to a new writer to summarise and arrange all discoveries and conjectures relating to the Stane Street; or to show how many more yards of it he could rehabilitate by local search and by documents; or to present the road, past and present, as vividly as is compatible with exactness. Mr. Belloc has chosen the last. He lays no claim to discoveries of lost portions, but, taking its Romanity for granted and making use of the ascertained stretches, he shows why the road did not take one perfectly straight line, and then of what straight sections or "limbs" it was probably composed, and how their straightness was perhaps planned. At no one point is he unassailable, because he trusts all the time to his own sense and instinct, and indulges in some quixotic attempts at

precision on points where nothing whatever was (or is) known. Thus he thinks Dorking a likely site for the third mansio from Chichester, and proceeds to argue that "it is impossible to place the station in any position such that its centre should have been more than one hundred yards south of the point where the High Street and West Street meet, or more than one hundred yards west of the same point".

Mingled gravity, audacity, and adroitness, on the whole, provide a display which might almost be recommended to the general reader as the book's chief delight. The archaeologist, poor man, will be blinded to these charms by the fact that where there was most to be done, between Burford Bridge and London, Mr. Belloc has done nothing beyond suggesting Merton Abbey for the last mansio and the crossing of the Wandle, on the grounds that the section on Leatherhead Downs points straight at London Bridge, and if prolonged would pass through Merton, and that a Roman road very likely connected Merton and London. What even the archaeologist will admit is that Mr. Belloc may have lighted on truth, and is so fertile of suggestions that he may do something to promote the truth. He ought at least to admire Mr. Belloc's vast superiority to himself in handling with inexhaustible vivacity the numerous details necessary to describe and explain the divergences from the original Roman line. The author's diagrams are useful, but we regret that the publishers could not have given us something like the same help from maps as in "The Old Road". Mr. Hyde is well known to be a master of the Weald and the Downs. His pictures, however, would have been more suitable in a picturesque personal narrative than in this monograph.

"SONS AND LOVERS."

"Sons and Lovers." By D. H. Lawrence. London: Duckworth. 1913. 6s.

WHEN were there written novels so strange as these of Mr. Lawrence? Now that he has given us three of them we should be able to make some estimate of his position among writers, yet there is about him something wilful which eludes judgment. Passages in "Sons and Lovers" tempt us to place him in a high class; and it is indeed a good book, even though it has pages where the author's vision is revealed only behind a dense cloud. As a story it is the record of the lives of a miner and his family in the middle counties of England, and from "The White Peacock" we knew how well the Derbyshire and Nottinghamshire country would be pictured. It can now be added that the scenes from the towns are little less good. The ruling idea in the book is the pitiful wastage of the best in men and women, and it is first shown in the persons of Morel and his wife. The former is physically a grand specimen of a race which puts its strength into manual labour, but he is ruined by drink, for his will is always weak. Mrs. Morel is a good housewife and a decent woman. Her superior ways mark her to her husband as a lady; yet she shirks none of the duties which his mate should perform for him, the children, and the home. Unhappily there is in her something of the shrew, and the association between the pair serves only to bring out their unpleasant sides. The young family grows up zealous for the mother; but with the touch of skill Mr. Lawrence can show the father as the good fellow whom these others never knew. "He", we read, "always sang when he mended boots because of the jolly sound of hammering"; and in that single sentence is revealed the human creature who should have had pure joy of life and an author whose inspiration leaves behind the common artifices of the novelist. There are many other places where the writer quite surprises us by his power to make the narrative pass from fiction into glowing reality, and as an example we cannot do better than quote from the scene where young Paul and his sweetheart are climbing in the ruined tower: "They

continued to mount the winding staircase. A high wind, blowing through the loopholes, went rushing up the shaft and filled the girl's skirts like a balloon, so that she was ashamed, until he took the hem of her dress and held it down for her. He did it perfectly simply, as he would have picked up her glove". No man could have invented this piece of description at the factory of the desk; it is a fragment of life, though we cannot know whether it belongs to the world of fact or had its genesis in some glorious flash of imagination. Origin, however, matters nothing. The passage remains as one which not a novelist in a hundred could produce.

Paul Morel, the miner's second son, is the chief person in the book, and his tragedy is his devotion to his mother, for she absorbs almost everything in him but his passions. Miriam, the girl of the tower episode, does battle for him. Despite her fierce purity she gives herself to his desire, but she cannot hold him even by her sacrifice, and he drifts into a passionate friendship with a second woman. The idea of waste still rules the story. The mother, who has dreaded the influence of Miriam on his affections, almost welcomes the intrigue with Clara, because the latter is less exacting in her demands. Puritan as she is, Mrs. Morel condones the affair with a married woman in order to keep the greater part of her son for herself. The strife between the generations is admirably suggested, and we know of no active English novelist—to-day—who has Mr. Lawrence's power to put in words the rise and fall of passion. The death of the mother and Paul's derelict state are the ends to which the story naturally leads, for the author is too good an artist to allow a conclusion which could stultify the force of all that he has built on the characters of his people. What is wrong in the book is the frequent intrusion of the writer. The men and women use words which are his and not their own; their reading is in the literature for which he cares; often they express thoughts which belong to him and not to them. Mr. Lawrence's inability to efface himself is now his most serious weakness, for the faulty construction of his earlier work is in no way evident in "Sons and Lovers". After reading most of the more "important" novels of the present year, we can say that we have seen none to excel it in interest and power; the sum of its defects is astonishingly large, but we only note it when they are weighed against the sum of its own qualities.

"UNPATH'D WATERS."

"Unpath'd Waters." By Frank Harris. London: Lane. 1913. 6s.

But for one story we should be obliged to say that this volume was unworthy of the author of "Elder Conkling". Mr. Frank Harris has always delighted in analysing and painting the tortuous emotions of the religious mind. "An English Saint" is a masterly portrait of an empty-headed, ascetically and æsthetically inclined Churchman, in the hands of a clever and determined woman of the world, who marries and canonises him. A blameless and feeble type of Englishman is satirised; but the satire is delicate and pointed, as long as it is confined to the Saint. The caricature of the Rector of Lincoln is clumsy and misses its mark, if we may be pardoned a pun. Lincoln, by the way, is the last college in Oxford where you would find a young lord destined to be a Cabinet Minister. "The Miracle of the Stigmata" is the exploitation of a vein which has already been worked for all its worth by Anatole France and Maurice Maeterlinck. It is well done by Mr. Harris; but it has been better done by the Frenchman and the Dutchman. "The Irony of Chance" has neither dramatic interest nor literary distinction, and the amount of pseudo-science is distressing. The other stories are trivial, and cannot add to the reputation of Mr. Frank Harris; in the judgment of some they will damage it.

SHORTER NOTICES.

"Introduction to the Study of Indian Music." By E. Clements. London: Longmans. 1913. 6s. net.

What European wishes to study Indian music? Few, we fancy. There are two ways of learning to understand it. The first is to devote a lifetime to its study—and not many afford the time to do this. The second, and cheaper, plan is to be born again and born an Indian. The plain fact is that to Western ears Oriental music, no matter of what nationality, sounds all much alike and all, as we say, out of tune. These minute and unequal divisions of the scale result in melodies that are to us mere strings of unrelated tones. The rhythms are no rhythms to us, unless they are of the order savages love, and in that case we don't like them. When a man hears Hindustani spoken it is mere gibberish; he devotes a few years to studying it and can at the end of that time order a curry and a whisky cocktail and other national dishes and drinks; after ten years' more hard work he may be able to read the poets and appreciate the broader differences of style and character; by plodding on patiently he probably may, a few days before he has to be put into his coffin, feel the subtleties and beauties. This is true of the spoken word—how much truer is it of music without words! To attain to anything like a mastery of Indian music three things are required: an extraordinarily fine ear, an extraordinarily retentive memory for musical intervals, an extraordinary amount of patience. Intervals and rhythms that are simplicity itself to natives accustomed to them from babyhood are enormously difficult for the poor alien to grasp. We doubt whether they are worth grasping. There may be some interesting Indian music, but it cannot be great art; one has only to hear a little of it to realise that it is, in point of complexity of structure, as a jellyfish to a human being. It is a matter for faddists; serious musicians can find something better to do. But if we must master it, Mr. Clements' book is not one we could recommend. Not so long ago children in this country were made to parse and analyse sentences almost before they could read one. That method has been abandoned, but Mr. Clements applies it, not to a foreign language, which would be absurd, but to an alien music, which is grotesque.

"Prentice Mulford's Story: a Personal Narrative." London: Rider. 1913. 3s. 6d. net.

Mr. A. E. Waite writes a preface to this English edition of a notable American autobiography. Prentice Mulford, who was born on Long Island in 1834, went to sea in the fifties, and had some rough experiences of the old-fashioned sort; he found his way to California at the time of the gold rush, and became a schoolmaster in the days when the ability to spell cat was ample qualification; and he died famous as an American journalist and writer of religious books. The interest of his story is that of a rugged chapter taken from life itself, and it is valuable for the light it throws on the humour and the tragedy of the Californian mining camp in early days. On the other side of the Atlantic Prentice Mulford's books are in constant demand, and under Mr. Waite's judicious editorship there is no reason why they should not command a public here.

"The Lawyer: Our Old Man of the Sea." By William Durran. London: Kegan Paul. 1913. 7s. 6d. net.

Mr. Durran makes a most furious assault upon the English Bench and Bar and the legal system generally. Many causes have been discovered for the probable ruin of the nation and the Empire, but Mr. Durran's choice is the blighting influence of English law, which is sapping the vitality of England, and incidentally of India and the United States and, in short, all "Anglo-Saxondom". Mr. Durran does not disclose his own credentials as a critic, but Sir Robert F. Fulton, who has been a Judge of the High Court of Calcutta, writes a foreword which accepts Mr. Durran's statements about India as credible; and on the whole Mr. Durran appears to him to declare and to prophesy true things. Law reform is a popular topic just now, and Mr. Durran may be listened to though he is hopelessly extravagant. But his grand idea of creating a body of Judges not drawn from the Bar, on the Continental model, is hopeless. Mr. Durran would find many lawyers to agree with him about the abolition of juries; but though juries are responsible for much of what the law is blamed for, it is precisely because popular feeling distrusts Judges alone, and especially Mr. Durran's kind of Judges, that the system is retained. In England the Judges for at least six hundred years have been selected from the Bar. On the Continent the custom has been different under Roman law; but what has been here six hundred years cannot be, as Mr. Durran absurdly says, what is now ruining us. He positively raves about technicalities being

due to a Bench selected from the Bar. We are to believe that German and French lawyers act with the primitive simplicity of the just man. We do not believe it, though their codes may do good; and many English lawyers have urged codification. But no code could make the Workmen's Compensation Act or the Finance and Insurance Acts simple; and it is not the fault of anybody that they are complex if we are to have such legislation. Mr. Durran writes forcibly and incisively—good declamation inspired by a monomania.

"The Rational Education of the Will." By Dr. Paul Emile Lévy. London: Rider. 1913. 3s. 6d. net.

This is a translation by Miss Florence K. Bright of a French book which has passed through nine editions; and it has a preface by Professor Bernheim, who is a well-known practitioner of the art of psychotherapeutics. The claim made is that by a systematic training of the will, so as to direct it in making suitable suggestions, many bodily and nervous disorders can be cured, and many undesirable habits and states of the feelings and emotions transformed. The psychological principles of the system are expounded and the practice explained. One may have considerable incredulity as to the extent to which the principle of overcoming bodily disorders by mental treatment can be carried; but the subject is a fascinating one. Within certain limits we see little danger from the sort of self-experiments described, but the trained doctor would be safer for the most part.

"Revue des Deux Mondes." 15me Juin.

M. Ollivier continues his articles on the struggle round Metz and, it may be added, the defence of Bazaine. We do not, of course, wish to imply that he is merely writing on behalf of the Marshal. The defence is incidental to the story. He deals here with the battle of Rezonville or Mars la Tour, and shows that, had Bazaine's orders been carried out, a smashing defeat would have been inflicted on the Germans, who with a vastly inferior force attacked the whole French army. The scouting on both sides seems to have been badly carried out, but had Ladmirault on the French right attacked the Germans as he had been directed, he must have rolled them up; as it was, their losses were heavier than those of the French. On the whole, the German Generals showed much more activity than the French, and the writer regards Alvensleben as the hero of the day, which was indecisive, though the Germans held their position. M. Pinon writes with his usual knowledge and common sense on the division of the Turkish territory which has passed into the hands of the Allies, and deprecates, as everyone does, the insane prospect of a war between the conquerors over the spoils. He thinks the best way to have dealt with Salonika would have been to make it an autonomous free port, giving access to Macedonia equally for all races, but recognises that this solution is now impossible, at all events at present.

THEOLOGY.

"The Gospels." By L. Pullan. (Oxford Library of Practical Theology.) London: Longmans. 1912. 5s.

This is probably the best piece of work that Mr. Pullan has done; indeed it would hardly be an exaggeration to say that it is the best introduction to the study of the Gospels which has yet appeared in England. It is interesting, clear, complete, tremendously able, and bitterly conservative; not a single modern theory is left unnoticed or uncriticised, and there is a vast amount of information on general subjects in the book, the author being especially neat in suggesting modern parallels to ancient facts or theories. Mr. Pullan is conservative, but he is scientific; on the synoptic problem he maintains the two-document, or rather a three-document hypothesis, holding that in addition to the Marcan narrative there were two collections of our Lord's discourses (an S as well as a Q), one of which was the special source on which S. Luke drew; this is likely enough. As to the time of their composition, he is indisposed to accept the very early dates which many quite liberal critics are now inclined to favour, and would place S. Mark's Gospel somewhere near 64 A.D., S. Matthew and S. Luke about 70. All depends, no doubt, upon the date of the Acts; for in whatever year we place that book, we must place the third Gospel before it, and the second and first before the third. Now we are not sure that Mr. Pullan is sufficiently alive to all the marks of early date in the Acts; there is not only the phenomenon of the last two verses, which, all said and done, could hardly have been so written six years after the death of S. Paul; but there is also the strange fact that throughout the whole book not a hint is given that the author is aware of the death of the two principal characters he is describing; those who

are conversant with biographies know how hard it is for authors to keep from mentioning that their heroes are no longer alive. On the question of the fourth Gospel Mr. Pullan puts the case for the Johannine authorship very strongly. Altogether his book will be welcomed by conservative students, and will certainly not conciliate those of the opposite camp.

"The Doctrine of the Person of Christ." By H. R. Mackintosh. Edinburgh: Clark. 10s. 6d.

We have more than once drawn attention to the reaction by which, of late years, the Incarnation rather than the Atonement has become the centre of Christian thought; and this volume is further evidence of the fact. It comes at the end of quite a considerable series of works, mainly by German theologians, though the Scotch are well represented by such names as Denney, Forsyth, and Garvie, and the English by Moberly, Ottley, Sanday, and Bishop Weston. Such theologians have been occupying themselves deeply, and with fine abstinence from controversial bitterness, on the task of interpreting the great doctrine to modern minds; and Dr. Mackintosh's book may be welcomed as furnishing perhaps the most complete and satisfactory discussion of the subject that can be obtained in one volume. It reminds us, indeed, more than anything we have read, of Liddon's famous Bampton Lectures, and it is a worthy successor to them. The author may not be Liddon's equal in magnificent and defiant eloquence, but he shows equal enthusiasm, religious earnestness, and theological learning; he is more patient, too, in understanding and criticising the views of opponents, and has a deeper grasp of the philosophical side of the subject. In nothing, indeed, is there clearer evidence of the progress made in the philosophy of the Incarnation since Liddon's day than in Dr. Mackintosh's chapters on the Kenosis, and the self-realisation of Christ; it is hardly too much to say that such chapters could not have been written forty years ago. There is also, in an appendix, an extremely temperate examination of the evidence for the Virgin Birth. We can warmly recommend the book to theological students or parish priests who desire to know and to preach intelligently the central fact of their faith.

"Through Facts to Faith; being the S. Margaret's Lectures for 1912." By J. M. Thompson. London: Arnold. 1912. 3s. 6d. net.

When Mr. Thompson published his previous book, "Miracles in the New Testament", we expressed a doubt whether, if its conclusions were true, he had left us with any valid reasons for regarding Jesus Christ as our Saviour and our God. The criticism which he has accepted so uncritically dismisses the arguments on which men have based this belief as worthless; the argument from prophecy is due to childish misinterpretation; as to His miracles, He performed none; as to His recorded teaching, half of it was never uttered by Him, and much of the rest is mistaken in its eschatology, and seriously unbalanced in its morality, which is dependent on the eschatology; as to His character, it was by no means flawless, for He gave way to outbursts of unjustifiable anger, and He died with an utterance of despair and reproach to God on His lips; why should we regard such a Being as Divine? This is the difficulty which Mr. Thompson himself now feels, and which he has set himself to answer in the present volume. But for a solution he can offer practically nothing but the regulation Modernist distinction between the Christ of history and the Christ of experience; we may have an inner experience that Jesus represents the Divine to us now, and this can be quite independent of what He was when He was on earth. Now this is just a sermon turned upside down; preachers have constantly and rightly insisted that it will do us little good to believe in the Divinity of Christ as a matter of history, unless we have a living faith in Him as our God and Saviour now, attracting our devotion and moulding our lives; a fides historica will not save us, but only a fides formata. Mr. Thompson believes this so intensely that he turns the argument round and maintains that if we have the fides formata we can do without the fides historica; our Lord's Divinity is a matter of faith, not of fact; if only we believe that He is our God and Saviour now, it does not matter whether He was Divine ("objectively", so to speak) when He was on earth. Yet he is not blind to the fact that there must, after all, have been something in the historical Jesus which made His earliest disciples ascribe Divinity to Him; their arguments, of course—prophecy, miracles, resurrection—were all wrong, but their conclusion was right; and there must be something which produces the same conviction in us. Ultimately Mr. Thompson finds this in His teaching and His character; neither is perfect, but both are holy and noble; it is His example which has converted the world; from admiration of this we may move up to that prayer and

worship and spiritual communion which assure us of His Divinity. Such is his present position, and it is clear that he holds it firmly; but then he started from the traditional Catholic faith; whether he will get others who have not inherited the same Christian teaching to accept it, is another question; he is resting a great edifice on a very small foundation. He even over-estimates the power of example in converting mankind; our Lord's has converted the world because men have believed Him to be a sacrifice for sin as well as an ensample of godly life; the example by itself would not have done so much. Mr. Thompson's earlier book made us angry, but this makes us sad; it is the work of a man whose religion is altering more gravely than he thinks.

"Great Ideas of Religion." By J. G. Simpson. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1912. 6s.

We have read through this book without coming across much in the way of great ideas; but there is plenty of strong language—strong, that is, in the sense of being violent rather than weighty. Canon Simpson is a popular preacher; he shows real earnestness, and, alas, occasional lapses into real vulgarity; there are claptrap utterances in these sermons which are enough to make Canon Liddon turn in his grave. The popular preacher must, of course, be abreast of modern thought, and must always have a "message"; Canon Simpson keeps his reading up to date, though there is nothing strikingly original or profound about his philosophy or his theology; and his message is that of Socialism and the Labour party. "Society", settled institutions, millionaires, and Belgravia fare very badly at his hands; he is even indignant at police protection having been accorded to free labourers, those "sneaks that had outraged the fundamental code of schoolboy honour"; and the greater part of his preface is devoted to an attack on Dr. Sanday, who has had the temerity to criticise Christian Socialism. These sermons may have been impressive to hear; but they are not impressive to read.

"Tolerance." By A. Vermeersch. Translated by W. Humphrey Page. London: Washbourne. 1913. 5s. net.

A treatise on toleration by a Jesuit is calculated to arouse interest; but Father Vermeersch has not provided us with

(Continued on page 784.)

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anything very exciting: his work is thorough and elaborate, and his theory very well presented. Complete toleration in religious matters, if not unattainable, is rarely attained; any State may find itself confronted with forms of religious fanaticism which are dangerous to life or morals, and then it must restrain men from preaching what is wrong, if not require them to profess what is right. Yet even here the wise ruler will keep constantly before his eyes the question "How would you like it yourself?"; for the law of reaction is real, and when a party is in a minority it will not receive better treatment than it meted out to others when it was in power. For this reason we cannot assent to the author's position that in a Catholic society "the civil power may declare that any public contradiction of the faith or the propagation of heterodox doctrines is an offence, and may inflict reasonable punishment for it" (page 251); though this is mild beside the opinion enunciated by Father Lépiciér a few years ago, that a man who publicly teaches heresy may, speaking absolutely, be not only excommunicated, but even with justice killed. After all, the best method of combating false doctrine is by preaching true. To English readers the historical importance of the book will probably be more interesting than the doctrinal; there is a clear and concise account of the Inquisition, and we are given some illuminating information on the kind of tolerance exhibited towards the Church of Rome by the present Governments in France and Portugal. We have noted a few mistakes; on page 196 it is stated that the "Compelle intrare" of S. Luke xiv. 23 was not quoted in favour of intolerance before the sixteenth century; but even Augustine used the text in justification of violence towards heretics. We will put down the assertion, on page 327, that Augustine was writing in 512 to a printer's error; but with regard to the illustration on page 300 we can assure Father Vermeersch that London merchants have not been accustomed to label their English goods "made in Germany" because German goods were in fashion!

"The Building Up of the Old Testament." By R. B. Girdlestone. London: Scott. 1912. 5s. net.

Canon Girdlestone has no patience with that "passion for analysis" and "cutting up of sentences into fragments" which was a characteristic of nineteenth-century criticism. He has studied his Hebrew Bible for fifty years, and remains a conservative. For him Genesis is still the oldest book in the Bible, contributed to by Noah and the patriarchs, and transliterated under the direction of Moses; Job and Daniel are historical persons; the Book of Isaiah is a unity, and Jonah a real prophet, actually swallowed and ejected by a great fish. The author has been entrusted with an important subject, and he writes for an important series (The Library of Historic Theology), but he has not produced a great book. From the modern standpoint it will seem to be neither adequate nor convincing.

"Mines of Isaiah Re-explored." By T. K. Cheyne. London: Black. 1912. 5s. net.

"The Veil of Hebrew History." By T. K. Cheyne. London: Black. 1913. 5s. net.

Dr. Cheyne's energy and courage are as remarkable as his gifts of scholarship and research. Undaunted by ill-health, advancing years, and the coolness with which his recent theories have been received, he still pursues his critical work on the text of the Old Testament. Here are two books written within a year of each other. In the earlier book he re-explores the mines of the later Isaiah (or Isaiahs). As he burrows beneath the surface of the Masoretic text he finds himself in North Arabia, and makes some startling discoveries. For example, the great liberator of the Jews was "not the Persian King Cyrus, but a successful North Arabian adventurer"; the generation after the author of Deutero-Isaiah "did not know anything of a general release of the Jews in Babel"; and the Israelites were "monarchical polytheists", who borrowed their gods from the North Arabians and "worshipped a small divine company under a supreme Director". In his latest book, Dr. Cheyne devotes himself to the testing and interpretation of Hebrew place-names. Once more, of course, it is the North Arabian theory which removes the veil from the face of Hebrew history. This book is dedicated to all free-minded and young-hearted scholars in the twentieth century; but the twentieth-century voice of Dr. Cheyne is as yet the voice of one crying in the wilderness. Whether he is preparing the way for a new era of Biblical study, involving a re-writing of history, is a question which is open to serious doubt.

For this Week's Books see pages 786 and 788.

SALES BY AUCTION.

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MESSRS. SOTHEBY, WILKINSON & HODGE will SELL by AUCTION, at their House, No. 13 Wellington Street, Strand, W.C., on MONDAY, June 23, and Four Following Days, at 1 o'clock precisely, BOOKS and MANUSCRIPTS, comprising books sold by order of the Trustees of the late CHARLES MAYHEW, Esq., of Chester Terrace, Regent's Park; the property of the late W. WALKER, Esq., of Caversham Road, N.W.; the property of W. F. STEAD, Esq.; the property of the Rt. Hon. Sir ERNEST M. SATOW, G.C.M.G., of Beaumont, Ottery St. Mary; the property of J. BELCHER, Esq.; the property of Miss DAVISON, of Cross House, Ilminster; the property of FRANCIS E. A. COLBY, Esq.; the property of Field-Marshal Sir C. H. BROWNLOW, G.C.B.; a portion of the Library formed by the late WILLIAM DASH, Esq., of Kettering; and other properties.

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BOOTS CASH CHEMISTS (EASTERN).**CONTINUOUS GROWTH.**

THE Twenty-first Ordinary General Meeting of Boots Cash Chemists (Eastern), Limited, was held on Tuesday at the Midland Grand Hotel, S. Pancras, Sir Jesse Boot (Chairman and Managing Director) presiding.

The Secretary (Mr. Alex. L. Milne) having read the notice convening the meeting and the report of the auditors,

The Chairman said: This is the twenty-first annual general meeting of Boots Cash Chemists (Eastern), Limited, and therefore, on this our coming of age, it is somewhat interesting to glance backwards. In the first of our quarterly reports to shareholders (we have now published eighty-four of these) we said we hoped eventually to have 1000 shareholders. Now, in the combined companies we have something like 21,000 shareholders, so that on an average we have added about 1000 new shareholders to the companies for every year. The promises we held out twenty-one years ago as regards dividends on our Ordinary shares have been more than fulfilled. We said we hoped to pay 10 per cent., and we paid 10 per cent. for seven years, but for the last fourteen years we have paid 12 per cent. These dividends have not been paid by impoverishing the business in any way or by insufficient writing off of our assets. If you look at this year's balance sheet you will notice that this last year we have spent no less than £8677 in repairs and renewals, or £2400 more than last year, in addition to allowing £6750 for depreciation for the year, the total depreciation fund now amounting to £75,000. We have allocated the same amounts as last year to the contingency and freehold reserve funds, and carry forward to next year a substantially increased amount to what we brought forward from last year. We have also added by way of interest some £1200 on the branch managers' (chemists') provident fund, bringing it up to practically £22,000. We propose again this year to give a profit-sharing bonus of 2½ per cent., equal to an additional dividend of that amount, on all shares held for a certain period by qualified chemists, stocktakers or inspectors engaged in the retail chemists' business of any of our associated companies. We do not propose to vote this out of the profits shown, but to charge it against expenses of the current year, as we did last year. Every item in the balance sheet points to steady and solid progress. The business has not gone up by leaps and bounds, but, on the contrary, though we have passed through periods of bad trade during the twenty-one years past, we have had no set-backs. Looking to the future, I see no reason why the same prosperity should not be at least maintained.

THE ASSOCIATED COMPANIES.

Not only has it been a satisfactory year for this company, but I am glad to say that the businesses of Boots Pure Drug Company—the parent company—and Boots Cash Chemists (Southern), Boots Cash Chemists (Western), and Boots Cash Chemists (Lancashire) are all making vigorous progress. During the year the Southern Company has opened magnificent premises in Regent Street, London, and the outlook for this new branch is very promising. The Western Company is building very fine premises in Bull Street and Colmore Row, Birmingham. A new branch is just being opened in Cardiff, where we intend eventually to build premises worthy of that important and fast-growing city. The Eastern Company has also opened a beautiful shop in Derby, by far the most elegant retail business premises in that town. With the growing increase in the business of all the companies the parent company's means of coping with the manufacturing have become inadequate, but we are now busily engaged in building what I believe will be the finest laboratories in England, if not in the world. The laboratories will be completed in a few months, and, in addition to these, we are getting out plans for three or four other blocks of warehouses and factories to facilitate the regular working of the business and the increased comfort and convenience of our employees, of whom we are by no means unmindful. Indeed, as large employers, we recognise this responsibility to the full, and every year, when the result of our trading is known, we allocate an increasing amount to plans for the benefit of our workers. I may add that our approved insurance society of employees of the combined companies has a membership approaching 6000. It is now getting into smooth running order, and quite a number of the employees have already appreciated the benefit they have derived from its operation. I will conclude by moving that the report and accounts be received and adopted.

Sir James Duckworth seconded the resolution, and it was carried unanimously.

Mr. John Boot was elected a director, and the auditors were reappointed.

BRITISH ELECTRIC TRACTION.**A STRONG POSITION.**

THE Seventeenth Ordinary General Meeting of the British Electric Traction Company, Ltd., was held on Monday, Mr. E. Garcke (Chairman of the Company) presiding.

The Chairman said: At our last annual general meeting I held out the hope that the Company would in future continue to make steady progress, and I am glad to be able on this occasion to offer you a further instalment towards fulfilment of this promise. The net profit made by the Company in the year ended March last is £189,712. Out of this sum we have placed £40,000 to reserve for investments instead of £25,000 in the previous year, and we have written off or reserved other items amounting to £7,732. The balance is sufficient to pay the interest on the Debenture stocks, the full dividend on the Six per Cent. Preference stock, and 3 per cent. for the year on the Second Preference stock, that being the first dividend paid on that stock, and we have carried forward £12,493, as against £10,751 brought into account. The result

of the year's working is better than that of the year before, but the increase in profits is not as great as we had hoped it would be, considering that we have done more work, that is to say, carried more passengers per route mile and have earned more gross receipts per route mile, and have sold a larger number of units of electricity than in the year before—in other words, the net profits have not increased in the same ratio as the gross receipts. This is due to strikes and labour troubles, which have abnormally increased the cost of materials of all kinds, and unfortunately there are evidences—especially in the Midland districts—that these troubles are likely to continue. The return on the investments has steadily improved during the last five years. For 1908 it was 2.8 per cent., for 1909 it was 3 per cent., for 1910 it was 3.1 per cent., for 1911 it was 3.7 per cent., and for the past year it was 4.1 per cent. The proportion of remunerative investments to the whole is now 73.4 per cent., compared with 70.6 per cent. in 1911, 66.8 per cent. in 1910, 66.6 per cent. in 1909, and 58.8 per cent. in 1908. Before recommending the payment of a dividend on the Seven per Cent. Preference stock, the Directors have again carefully weighed the question of the depreciation which has taken place in the assets of the Company. I am now in a position to give the shareholders an idea of what provision would be necessary to meet this depreciation. In my opinion and in that of those Directors who have made such estimates, the depreciation of the investments, having regard to the reserves which have been made by the Associated Companies themselves, can be met by the existing reserves of this Company supplemented by a sum which approximates to between two-thirds and three-quarters of a million, but the Board, as such, has not yet come to a definite decision as to the figure. We have in our list of investments in Associated Companies some of the soundest Preference shares and Debenture stocks, which are to be found among electrical and industrial investments, and some of the Ordinary shares we have to sell also afford investors profitable and perfectly sound securities. We should not hesitate to recommend to any of our shareholders who are seeking an investment to place their money in some of the debentures and shares of our Associated Companies. We have reduced our Debenture stocks by over £23,000 of stock purchased and cancelled during the past year, and a new item in the balance-sheet is the mortgage of £20,000 on the Federation offices. The balance-sheet will, I feel sure, be recognised as showing a thoroughly sound position, and considering that we owed at the date of the balance-sheet less than £5,000 to sundry outside creditors while we possessed between four and five millions of assets, I think that we are entitled to say that the financial position of the Company is a strong one. Mr. Dade, former Secretary, and Mr. Howley, formerly Chief Inspecting Officer, have been appointed Joint Managers of the Company. The electricity supply side of our business continues to increase satisfactorily. With one or two exceptions, all our electricity supply undertakings show a substantial increase in the number of units sold. The development of this branch of the business is even surer than that of the traction side, and we look forward with confidence to a steady increase in the returns from our investments in these small lighting undertakings. I have previously informed you that we have decided to run motor-omnibuses through London in connection with our tramways, and that we had adopted this policy in order to meet the competition by motor-omnibuses on our tramway routes. Since then we have made agreements with the London General Omnibus Company and also with the Underground Electric Railways, and a new company has been formed called "The London and Suburban Traction Company," which has acquired the control of the share capital of the Metropolitan Electric Tramways, the London United Tramways, the Tramways (M.E.T.) Omnibus Company, and the South Metropolitan Electric Tramways and Lighting Company. The capital of the London and Suburban Traction Company is about 3½ millions, of which we hold about £860,000. We have every reason to expect that the return on our investment in the London and Suburban Traction Company will be larger than it was on the separate undertakings before the amalgamation. We have also constituted the British Automobile Traction Company for the purpose of organising motor-omnibus services wherever suitable openings present themselves. The Chairman concluded by moving the adoption of the report and accounts.

Mr. Charles G. Tegetmeyer seconded the motion, which, after discussion, was carried unanimously.

A hearty vote of thanks was accorded to the Chairman, directors, and staff.

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FINANCIAL POSITION, 1st January, 1913.

Total Assets	-	-	-	-	-	£9,005,000
Annual Income	-	-	-	-	-	£1,185,000
Total Business in Force (with Bonus additions)						£31,597,473
Net New Business, 1912	-	-	-	-	-	£2,861,382

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